HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XII.—No. 591.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1868, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

## THE TIGRESS IN CENTRAL PARK.

THE citizens of New York will find this summer a great many improvements and beauties in their great Central Park, and renewed reasons for congratulating themselves on the good taste and judgment of their Park Commissioners.

Among the most valuable of the additions to the statuary of the Park is the bronze statue of "the Tigress bringing the first-fruit to her young," an engraving of which we produce on this page. This work is the production of the famous French sculptor, CAIN, and was presented to the Park Commissioners by Messrs. S. F. B. MORSE, JOHN JAY, ROBERT HOE, WILLIAM T. BLODGETT, and other American gentlemen.

In his letter, acknowledging the tender of this magnificent donation, the Controller of the Park, ANDREW H. GREEN, Esq., very justly says:

"The Commissioners of the Park accept this munificent gift with peculiar gratification, as well for its artistic merit as an evidence of the public spirit and discriminating taste of the absent citizens, who thus effectively co-operate with those at home in the intention to place our city in the same rank in the field of literature and art that she occupies in the affairs of commerce. The artist, by the freedom, vigor, and commanding expression with which he has treated his subject, has placed himself among the first of the school of sculpture to which it belongs—a school especially adapted to the landscape of the Park. The design, its execution, and the liberal disposition of its donors, among whom I recognize with pleasure names widely known in this community as influential promoters of the interests of art, all combine to render this addition to the Park collection the subject of special interest and regard."

The citizens of New York will have ample opportunity of confirming Mr. GREEN's opinions of the beauty of this work. It is located to the left of the Mall, on the hill near and overlooking the Lake, and adds materially to the beauty of that picturesque spot. Other improvements and beauties have been lately added to this portion of the Park; the Terrace near the Lake has been changed, the large fountain at its foot has been remodeled, while two others at the northern extremity of the Mall have been completed. The floral attractions of the Mall and the vicinity of the Lake have been very materially increased; nature has increased, too, the foliage and the beauty of the Ramble; the natural curiosities have been considerably augmented; and many artistic and other valuable artificial decorations have been added since last season.

## ASSASSINATION OF THOMAS D'ARCY M'GEE.

THE midnight murder of THOMAS D'ARCY M'GEE, a member of the present Canadian administration and a prominent politician of the Confederation, has caused great excitement throughout Canada, and much feeling in this country. The prominence of the victim, less than our horror of the deed and the assassin, has been the cause of the latter, while much of the excitement in Canada is attributable to the connection of the deed with rumors of Fenian conspiracies. How far this surmise is true can not be determined, as the assassin has not yet been positively discovered, though suspected parties have been arrested and held for examination.

The circumstances under which the murder was committed, as partly developed on the inquest, are about as follows: Mr. M'GEE, as the representative of Montreal in the Canadian Parliament, had spoken, on April 6, until a very late hour of the night, and did not return to his rooms until about two o'clock on the morning of the 7th. He had reached the door of his lodgings in Sparks Street, and had put his key to the night-latch, when he was approached from behind by an unknown person and shot in the back of the head. The ball passed through his head and lodged in the door which Mr. M'GEE was in the act of opening. A son of Mrs. TROTTER, the lady at whose house he lodged, one of the Parliament pages, was returning home, and was some distance from the house when he heard the shot. On reaching his mother's door he found Mr. M'GEE dead on the pavement. He saw no person in the neighborhood and heard no footsteps. The night was bright and clear, and the assassin must have been either concealed behind the fence of a vacant lot opposite, or made a very hasty retreat immediately on firing the shot. Mr. M'GEE had just left the Parliament House and had a cigar in his mouth when he was killed. His brains exuded from the wound, and the sidewalk was covered with his blood. This fact, in connection with that of the ball lodging in the door-post, seems to indicate that the weapon was held close to his head when fired.

The Government of Canada at once offered $5000, the Government of Ontario and Quebec $5000, and the Mayor of Ottawa $4000 reward for the apprehension of the guilty party. The authorities at all points were directed to use their best diligence in hunting up the murderer, and to arrest all suspicious persons. On April 7, the day of the murder, two men named WHELAN and DOYLE were arrested charged with the murder, and were held for trial.

Mr. M'GEE was a native of Ireland, and was within a few days of being forty-three years of age. At the age of seventeen he came to the United States and settled in Boston, where he became connected with the Boston *Pilot*. On his arrival he was friendless and penniless, but his industrious habits and fine talents soon brought about him friends and improved his condition. He was in a short time placed upon the editorial staff as a leading writer, and finally became editor of the *Pilot*. After remaining a few years in Boston he returned to his native land, and became attached to the Dublin *Nation* as an editorial writer. When the revolutionary troubles broke out in 1848 he was compromised in the movements, and was compelled to leave Ireland and seek refuge in this country. On his arrival here he started, with JOHN MITCHEL, the *American Celt*, an organ of Irish feeling and sentiment. Abandoning this enterprise on account of financial difficulties, after remaining a while longer in New York as a sort of political leader of his countrymen here, he went to Canada and settled in Montreal. There his political opinions seem to have undergone a decided and radical change. Once an ardent republican, he became a strong royalist, and was soon taken in hand by the Government and placed in the path of political preferment and success. He was President of the Executive Council in Canada

"TIGRESS BRINGING THE FIRST-FRUIT TO HER YOUNG."
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD, FROM THE STATUE BY CAIN, IN THE CENTRAL PARK.]

from 1864 to 1867, and held the office of Minister of Agriculture, was made chief commissioner to the Paris Exposition in 1855 and to the Dublin Exhibition in 1864, and also to the local Paris Exposition. He was also a delegate to all the conferences held to promote the union of the colonies of British North America.

Mr. M'Gee was a fluent and eloquent speaker, witty, but discursive, and not always effective. In literature, as in politics, Mr. M'Gee was prominent. His poetry was of a high order. In it he displayed a delicate fancy united to a happy expression, which made his effusions decidedly popular.

Socially, Mr. M'Gee was more brilliant and popular even than in the political or literary world. Genial, witty, full of anecdote, and a master of the art of conversation, he never failed to make himself a charming companion in every circle that was fortunate enough to count him a member.

# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 25, 1868.

### HARPER'S BAZAR.

*The next Number of* Harper's Bazar, *No. 27, will contain a magnificent* Colored Plate of the Spring Fashions, *just imported expressly for that paper from the establishment of the* Mode Illustrée, *the great Fashion Journal of Paris, whose plates are renowned for being the largest and finest in the world.*

## HOW TO RECONSTRUCT?

It is one of the many memorable remarks of Edmund Burke that when a community is discontented a sagacious statesman does not inquire whether it ought to be discontented, but in what manner it can most wisely be pacified. This principle has been a great deal misapplied in the case of the Southern States. "Of what use," it is asked, "is it to talk about equal rights and harmony of feeling when the truth is that the Southern people are dissatisfied and alienated, and heartily despise the colored population, whether they ought to or not? Their condition and feeling may be very unreasonable, but men in general are not very logical, and least of all when they have been baffled by force in the passionate pursuit of a precious purpose."

This is apparently sensible—it is at least plausible. "Look at Ireland," continues the objector; "look at Poland! Are those inspiring spectacles? Do we wish to make an Ireland or a Poland of the Southern States? And yet if we disregard the wishes and feelings of the people of that section, are we not repeating the dreary folly of England and the crime of Russia? Are we not in danger of striking upon the very reef of which Burke always felt such horror in politics—the reef of a theory? Can we hope to spin useful garments out of moonshine?" Well, upon the whole, no. Moonshine is flimsy wear. If the case were quite as simple as it is represented in this kind of remark, the conclusion that we were all wrong in what has been done and in what is doing would be not only plausible but inevitable.

But this is not the case. We certainly agree that, whatever the situation may be, it is not a simple one; and the application of undeniable principles to it may be difficult. If it were true that the Southern people were dissatisfied and alienated, it would be necessary to reconsider many things. But the mistake of those who ask these questions and reason in this manner is, that when they speak of the people they do not think of the people. They think of a part only of the people. When we speak of the discontent of Ireland we justly think of the whole population, except the English interest. When we speak of Poland we think in the same manner, and justly, of the population as a unit. But when a man speaks of the "people of the South," if he means the whole people, he can not truthfully allege general discontent. If he means a part, he can not truthfully call them the people.

When we speak of the people of the city of New York, we certainly do not except what are called in other countries the lower classes, however really low in ignorance and degradation a part of the city population may be. Yet the same papers and politicians that habitually court and flatter the New York mob—if such a word can possibly be supposed to have any meaning in this city—constantly refuse to recognize the majority of the population in the State of South Carolina, or of Mississippi, and persistently call a minority in those States the people. We mention this merely to expose the fallacy of the comparison between the relation of the United States Government to the Southern States, and that of Russia to Poland, or of England to Ireland. The populations of Ireland and Poland are homogeneous—they are united in sympathy and purpose. The cause of Poland is substantially that of all Poles; the cause of Ireland of all Irish. But what is called the cause of the South is not that of the people of the South, but only of a certain part of them. It is therefore useless to confuse a profoundly important subject by an inaccurate and very delusive comparison.

On the other hand, we do not deny that the political division of those communities by color is a fact which perplexes the situation. It is due to many causes—such as the former servile condition of the colored population—their sympathy with the Government in its victory over the rebellion of the late master class—their present identification with the cause and power of the Union—and, by no means least, the malign influence of the President. Separation from a party is not necessarily dishonorable; but treachery to a great and declared principle may lead to the most fatal consequences. If the President had remained true to the only political principle he was ever known to announce, namely, that in reconstruction "rebels must take back seats," it is fair to presume that the condition of the country would have been very much more satisfactory than it is. The evident meaning of the favorite phrase of the President for a month after his accession was that the States must be reorganized by loyal men, and his letter to Governor Sharkey showed that he thought it wise to extend the right of suffrage to the colored men under certain conditions, and he told Senator Sumner that he did not substantially differ with him upon that subject. From that position he immediately drifted into an attitude of hostility to the loyal colored vote, and from that moment the feeling of the late rebels against the colored race has constantly deepened in rancor. This Presidential influence has quickened all the other causes, and the result is the political division of which we have spoken.

Yet there is unquestionably a large white element of the population perfectly willing to co-operate with the colored citizens, although now restrained by terror. Thus, in Alabama, the total vote for the Convention was 90,483, of which, despite the terror, 18,553 were white. The vote upon the Constitution showed a heavy reduction of the white vote, the whole being less than 6000. But the difficulties of voting, both physical and moral, were enormous. This is, probably, as poor a case for the white vote as in any State.

Meanwhile the question is whether reconstruction shall proceed at once; and if so, whether it is wiser to pacify the discontented part of the population by putting the other into their hands, or to offer a share in political power to all upon equal conditions. The first course is simply absurd. The second would be futile if the conditions were such as to exclude so many of the population as virtually to come to the same result as the first. Congress has therefore sought to avoid this dilemma by general suffrage; and it is for those who are dissatisfied to indicate some wiser method under the circumstances to accomplish the result. General Meade says that "to insure a larger proportion of what must be the governing class a more acceptable Constitution should be presented to them for adoption." But the General does not suggest how it should be made more acceptable. And it is an interesting question whether he would endeavor to make it so by conditions which must necessarily exclude a very large proportion of the loyal population. Or, would he hold that there is no rebellion, and that consequently every body is loyal?

The situation would be simpler if the opinion of the loyal States were virtually unanimous. But it is not. The Democratic party takes sides in the hostility of races and proclaims itself a white man's party. If, therefore, the country would not be guilty of the most shameful betrayal of its fundamental principle, and of those who have been proved its most faithful friends in the disturbed section, it must steadily remember that no measures of reconstruction are reasonable or statesmanlike that deliberately outrage the plainest rule of justice.

## THE SOUTHERN ELECTIONS.

The vote upon the new Constitution of South Carolina began upon the 14th of April, and was to continue for three days; and General Meade has issued orders, in prospect of the voting in Georgia, forbidding sheriffs to resign in order to evade their duty, under penalty of trial by military commission; warning employers that attempts at intimidation and coercion at the polls are subject to the same punishment, and calling upon all good citizens to aid in securing a fair election. We shall very possibly hear a great deal about military despotism in connection with these elections; but we beg all sensible people to reflect that if regular civil government is ever to begin in those States, it must, under the existing circumstances, begin under military supervision. A military despotism that secures a fair expression of the public will is surely preferable to a mob despotism that compels an unfair expression.

From the relentless and unscrupulous misrepresentations in the Democratic papers of the action of the Conventions that have framed the new Constitutions for the States lately in rebellion, it would be supposed that they were monuments of injustice and folly—instruments wholly destitute of the qualities most approved by experience, and most desirable in a fundamental law. A careful study of them, or even a mere intelligent reading, will show that such an impression would be as mistaken as the effort to create it is malicious. But the papers of which we speak, knowing that not one in a thousand of their readers will ever see the Constitutions, act accordingly. The din about "Pan-African" or "Black-and-Tan" Conventions, the ribaldry of the reports in the New York *World*, revealing nothing but contemptuous hostility toward the colored population and loyal Union men, with the amusingly reckless vituperation incessantly uttered by the *World's* rebel allies in the Southern States, one of which in Alabama reaches the height of absurdity in calling one of these instruments "the putrid Constitution," are all parts of the efforts to throw the political power in those States wholly into the hands of the class most disaffected to the Union and the Government.

Most of the new Constitutions are framed in general upon the Constitution of the United States, amplified with the more exact detail necessary for the organic law of a State. They resemble in general form and phraseology the Constitutions of all the other States, and in some respects are superior to those now in force elsewhere. Thus in Georgia and Florida the Judges are to be appointed instead of elected, a wise provision which the late Constitutional Convention of New York was unable to carry, although the vote was very nearly divided. The bill of rights in these Constitutions is very detailed and comprehensive, as is to be expected in a political community in which a large part of the population has been just emancipated. Yet there are few of the guarantees that would seem unwise to any thoughtful man. They very stringently guard personal liberty, and very distinctly declare the supreme authority of the United States. This last, however, is not done in a manner to conflict with the necessary exercise of local power, or to lead to any perilous centralization. Thus the Florida Bill of Rights asserts: "This State shall ever remain a member of the American Union, the people thereof a part of the American nation, and any attempt, from whatever source or upon whatever pretense, to dissolve said Union or to sever said nation shall be resisted with the whole power of the State." Georgia has the same general declaration. The North Carolina Bill of Rights uses substantially the same language, ut also declares that the people of the State have the inherent, sole, and exclusive right of regulating the internal government and police thereof......but every such right should be exercised in pursuance of law and consistently with the Constitution of the United States."

The chief interest in all of these Constitutions, and of course the chief change, is in the suffrage article. They all secure equal political rights, and it is this which makes them "putrid" to the mourners of the lost cause and to the Democratic party at the North. Yet of the new Constitutions that we have seen, that of Louisiana seems to be almost exceptional in the conditions of its suffrage article. The Louisiana Constitution disfranchises certain classes of the late rebels which it describes, and declines to restore to them the right of voting until they shall voluntarily write and sign a certificate acknowledging the late rebellion to have been morally and politically wrong. The difficulty with this kind of security is that it secures nothing. It is merely the swearing upon a brickbat of the first days of the war. Honorable men it excludes, but the dishonorable it admits, and it is the dishonorable who are dangerous. The Georgia Constitution has no such exclusion. It is as simple and comprehensive as that of New York. So also with that of Florida; and the committee of the North Carolina Convention, in their address to the people, say, with a force and wisdom which we commend to the consideration of those who may have been led by the most ruthless falsehoods to believe in the utter feebleness and folly of these Conventions:

> "While giving suffrage to the colored people, the Convention has not been so inconsistent with itself and with the great principles of republican government as to deny it to any portion of the whites. It is an undeniable monument to the wisdom and equity and magnanimity of the Union people of North Carolina, that in three years after the close of a bloody and devastating civil war, in which wrongs and outrages were endured that can never be forgotten, they have framed a Constitution in which not a trace of animosity or vindictiveness can be found; in which the wrongs of the past are ignored for the sake of the peace of the future; and all who are now true to their country are invited to participate in its government. Such wise forbearance is certain of its reward in the approval of reflecting men now, and of all posterity."

It is men who think and write thus, who are faithfully and wisely striving to heal the terrible wounds of the war by the most practical and sagacious measures, whom the *World* and the Democratic papers delight to deride and slander. It is with these men that the Republican party works, and to their hands and to their spirit it would intrust the political power of the Southern States. It is with their enemies that the Democratic party allies itself, and would intrust the political power in the Southern States to the spirit from which springs the Ku-Klux Klan, and to the hands that execute its behests. Between these parties the country will judge. With two-fifths of the population in the Southern States colored, and with the problem offered of the political reorganization of those States upon the American Republican principle, is it probable that a party that despises that race, denies its capacity, and, as a party, denies its equal humanity, is a party as likely to secure a wise and equitable settlement, as one that cherishes no hostility of class or race, that aims only at justice as the security of permanent peace, and that temporarily disfranchises only the most conspicuous and dangerous leaders of the late rebellion?

## THE OPENING OF THE PRESIDENT'S COUNSEL.

The case for the President was opened by Mr. Curtis. His great renown as an able lawyer, possibly the head of his profession in the country, and the weight of his personal character, gave peculiar interest to his plea. It was known that he would say the best that could be said for his client; that he would subject the letter of the law to the most trying ordeal of possible interpretation; and that he would ingeniously shift the lights and shadows upon the facts of the case to favor his own view, in the manner of all great advocates, and with an effect deepened by the apparent passionlessness of his manner. Indeed the advocate has no art so profoundly skillful as the air of severe judicial impartiality: the appearance of seeking the truth for the truth's sake merely, and urging the acquittal of his client as a homage which a magnanimous jury or Senate will naturally be anxious to offer to their own high sense of justice. This quality Mr. Curtis possesses, and he has been trained in a school favorable to its development, for he has been Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Yet, when the best has been said for the President, how unsatisfactory it is! The first thing that impresses the reader of the argument of Mr. Curtis is that, however able, there is nothing new in it. The whole case is so simple and so open to the public appreciation that the line of defense which was indicated at the very beginning of the trial as the only possible line, is the one that has been followed. Mr. Curtis's argument subjects the Tenure-of-Office Act to the most searching verbal analysis; but while it marshals probabilities and possibilities, and suggestions and surmises, with consummate skill, the great facts steadfastly and impregnably confront them all. Mr. Curtis contends that Mr. Stanton is not within the scope of the law; that the law is against precedent and interpretation; that, therefore, amidst the conflict of authorities and the uniformity of practice, to question the validity of the law is not necessary hostility to the Government; that Mr. Stanton has not been removed; and that Mr. Stanton having been removed the office was vacant.

These points are elaborated with great ability; but the mind remains unconvinced, because it is part of the skill of the orator to omit a whole series of facts which control the case, and which are familiar to the country. The argument of Mr. Curtis assumes that an upright magistrate, anxious to execute the laws, and theoretically preserving order and promoting concord at a time of great national disturbance, finds himself at last constrained to doubt the validity of a law, and therefore seeks a judicial interpretation of its constitutionality. Were this really the case, Mr. Curtis would perhaps not have made his ingenious plea, for the President would very possibly not have been impeached. He is impeached because the violation of a law by this particular President under the peculiar circumstances in which he stands is of itself evidence of intention. In another case it might not be. In another case, as we have formerly supposed, and as Mr. Butler stated in his opening speech, there might have been a friendly understanding between the Executive and the Legislature in order to test the law. But this is a very different case. If, under any circumstances, such conduct upon the part of the Executive ought to be tolerated, and it is certainly very doubtful, in this case it would be madness. Men must be judged by their conduct and character. If Andrew Johnson should be allowed to set aside laws because he professed to have scruples as to their constitutionality, the country would deserve the anarchy into which it would inevitably fall.

Mr. Curtis fortifies the doubts which the President professes to entertain by the opinions of many eminent men, and by what he claims to be the settled interpretation. But the question is not of opinions, but of laws. The Tenure-of-Office Bill may seem unwise to the shades of the great departed, but if laws were to be disregarded because great men had prospectively condemned them, government would be at an end. Mr. Curtis farther says, that if the President did not take the responsibility of testing the law in the Courts, it could not be tested. But if he takes the responsibility he must also take the risk. One law properly passed is as binding upon him as another. If he is to execute only the laws which he thinks constitutional, it makes no difference to an honest officer whether they immediately concern himself or others. He has no right, as Mr. Curtis suggests, to leave them in the latter case to be tested by those whom they affect.

If a law be unconstitutional, the Executive ought not to connive at its execution; and if he is to be the judge in any case, he is the judge in all cases. Nothing can be plainer, and no principle more vitally important, than that the President must execute all the laws, without exception, which have not been adjudged unconstitutional, or resign. If possible inconveniences result, they are not to be compared with the certain perils of any other course.

We doubt if Mr. STANBERY or Mr. EVARTS can add weight to the argument of Mr. CURTIS. Even should the witnesses for the President establish what his counsel wish, we do not see how it could be sufficient. They certainly can not disprove that the Tenure-of-Office Act is a law regularly enacted; that it has not been declared unconstitutional; that it authorizes the Secretary of War, and the other Secretaries, to hold their offices "for and during the term of the President by whom they may have been appointed, and one month thereafter, subject to removal by and with the advice and consent of the Senate;" and that the President removed the Secretary of War without the advice and consent of the Senate. And if Mr. CURTIS has been unable to show that Mr. STANTON does not stand within the terms of the law are his colleagues likely to do it?

## UNDERGROUND AND OTHER CITY RAILROADS.

THE question by what means the communication between the upper and lower portions of the city shall be improved, is again before the Legislature without the advantage of a fully matured plan. But undoubtedly public opinion has settled down in favor of an underground road in preference to one either on or above the surface. It will be scarcely possible, however, to afford full accommodation without certain material changes in the general arrangement of city conveniences. By removing our markets to the upper part of the city, establishing ferries farther up town and extending in that direction the accommodation for shipping, the motive for traveling to the lower part of the city will be lessened. Indeed, the construction of an underground road is found to involve questions of great moment which need to be very carefully considered; such, for instance, as the supply of water through Croton pipes and its discharge through sewers.

The conveyance of persons from one portion of the city to another is wholly subordinate to questions affecting the supply of water, as there is but one mode of supply, and if it were much interrupted there would be not only great suffering but grave danger of extensive fires. No scheme is to be thought of which would seriously interrupt the supply of water. The sewerage of the city stands next in importance to the introduction of water. A very large district north and south of Canal Street is drained into the outlet through Canal Street. This outlet carries a considerable stream from what was formerly known as the Collect; which stream, with the water from the Croton, constitutes the power or carrier for removing the *refuse* from many thousands of houses. The interruption of this even for a day would cause great inconvenience, and if somewhat continued would fill up the sewers and cellars with water; clog all the house drains, and fatally imperil the public health. We can not suppose that the Legislature will, for any reason whatever, seriously disturb the full operation of this plan of supply and discharge, for they constitute together a complete system essential to the public convenience and safety.

The public welfare imperatively demands that in authorizing the construction of a road on the underground plan there shall be the most complete protection of these two points. No private corporation can safely be trusted with the power to disturb the water system of the city, which can be properly touched only in subordination to the authority of the Croton Water Department. We understand that Mr. CRAVEN, the intelligent and experienced Engineer of that Board, has presented his remonstrance against the adoption of any scheme which confers power over these important subjects on the officers of a private corporation. The act creating the Broadway Underground Arcade Railroad, however, grants this power to a Board consisting of the "State Engineer and Surveyor, the Street Commissioner of the City of New York, an engineer to be appointed by the Mayor of said city, the President of the Company, and Chief Engineer of the same." A careful inspection will show that a majority of these officers will probably be wholly in the interest of the Company, and that the city is virtually unprotected in these vital points. This should be carefully considered by the Legislature and the Executive.

The two measures now engaging the attention of the Senate—both having passed the Assembly—are the Arcade plan of a road up Broadway from the Battery to Fourteenth Street as part of its line, and the Brown plan, as it is called, from the Park between Broadway and Centre Street, through the centre of blocks and unimportant streets. The latter is substantially the London underground plan; and we learn that it is regarded favorably by Senator CAMPBELL, Chairman of the Railroad Committee of the Senate, in whose judgment we have great confidence. Mr. CRAVEN, we are informed, also considers this the preferable measure.

The authority proposed to be conferred on the Arcade underground road, so far as concerns the depth of excavation, is unlimited. They may excavate "a sufficient depth and width," not only from the Battery to Fourteenth Street, but also for the distance of one hundred feet up and down each street which crosses Broadway. The depth required is twenty-two feet six inches, as testified by Mr. CRAVEN. The width is the entire width of Broadway from wall to wall, and the same in each cross-street. This excavation at Canal Street would reach from ten to twelve feet below the bottom of the main sewer, and below the line of tide-water. It would also extend about the same distance below the foundations of stores.

The engineering difficulties at this point are of such magnitude that months will be required to overcome them, if it is at all possible. The Act creating the Company allows five years for the completion of the line; and we are not sure but that, if the excavation be made up and down Canal Street for one hundred feet from the exterior line of Broadway and along Broadway for the depth of twenty-two and a half feet, a very great portion of that time will be required solely to complete this part of the road. The block thus surrounded by a deep excavation would be practically uninhabitable even if it were possible to hold up the buildings. The opinion of Mr. DAVIS, who acts as agent for the owners of forty stores and houses on Broadway, that they would be deserted universally by tenants, must, in view of these facts, be deemed well-founded.

But still another difficulty presents itself, arising from the required excavation and the character of the soil. From the neighborhood of Twelfth Street to the Battery the soil is universally of sand. Geologists agree in opinion that at the time when the coast from Long Island to Florida was upheaved the sea receded from that portion of the city, leaving this sandy deposit, which constitutes a very treacherous foundation. As a general rule, the foundations of the greater number of buildings on Broadway are not near as deep as the Arcade excavation must necessarily be, and hence it is very clear that many buildings will be brought down in consequence of it, even should there be no storms. But, during a severe storm at such a time, the water running in from the roofs of houses and from the streets, would occasion very serious damage.

The fourteenth section of the bill declares that the "Company shall be *liable* to any owner or lessee of any wall, building, structure, or lands"......"by reason of any *direct injury* caused thereto by the construction of such railway;" but no method for ascertaining the injury is specified, and the clause is fettered with the extraordinary condition that in all proceedings to ascertain the "damages all the circumstances shall be taken into consideration, and when it shall appear that the construction of the said road will enhance the value of *the property of the person* or party claiming damage to an amount equal to or greater than the amount of the injury sustained," there shall be no recovery of damages.

The Company may range over the whole island to find property benefited, belonging to the owner or tenant whose store has been thrown down, and they may plead this supposed benefit as a set-off to the actual damage. Inasmuch as the Commissioners to ascertain the damage may be appointed, on the nomination of the Company, by any Judge of the Supreme Court for this district, some estimate may be formed of the chances which exist for obtaining justice by a person whose property has been carelessly destroyed.

It will be seen that the project proposed by the bill involves very serious considerations. The power practically to withdraw Broadway from public use, or seriously to obstruct it as a highway for five years, should not be granted until the necessity is plain beyond dispute. That there must be improved communication between the upper and lower parts of the city is unquestionable; but we have never been able to see why the enormous disturbance which the building of any road must necessarily occasion should fall upon Broadway.

## SINGULAR FORGETFULNESS.

ONE little fact has been exposed in the course of the trial of the President which deserves more attention than it has received. Governor PARSONS, of Alabama, who was appointed in 1865 by President JOHNSON, came to the North and went as far as Boston to ask assistance for her impoverished and ignorant people. He was accompanied by Mr. BEECHER, who had been made acquainted with Governor PARSONS by Secretary STANTON, and he made a favorable impression; although Senator SUMNER said that while he would gladly send food and aid to Alabama, he was opposed to making a loan until there was some prospect in the plan proposed for the reconstruction of the State that the loan would be repaid. Governor PARSONS, we say, made a generally favorable impression. But how are we to explain the following facts?

On the 17th of January, 1867, Governor PARSONS telegraphed to the President from Montgomery that the Legislature was in session; that an effort was making to reconsider the vote by which the Constitutional Amendment was adopted; that it was reported an enabling act would pass in Washington, and that nobody in Montgomery knew what to believe. On the same day the President telegraphed as follows in reply to Governor PARSONS:

"What possible good can be obtained by reconsidering the Constitutional Amendment? I know of none in the present posture of affairs. I do not believe the people of the whole country will sustain any set of individuals in the attempt to change the whole character of our government by enabling acts in this way. I believe, on the contrary, that they will eventually uphold all who have patriotism and courage to stand by the Constitution, and who place their confidence in the people. There should be no faltering on the part of those who are honest in the determination to sustain the several co-ordinate departments of the Government in accordance with its original design."

On the 8th of February, three weeks after this correspondence, Governor PARSONS was examined before the Judiciary Committee of the House, and gave the following testimony:

"*Q.* Has he, President JOHNSON, ever, at any time, to you, or in your presence, given any counsel or advice as to what should be done by yourself or any body else on the subject of ratifying or rejecting the Constitutional Amendment?—*A.* I can not recollect that he has.

"*Q.* Do you know of any thing done by President JOHNSON in reference to its ratification or rejection? *A.* I can not say that I do; I do not recollect any thing that he has ever done on that subject."

Had Governor PARSONS forgotten the dispatch of the President, or—?

## PERILS OF THE "POOL."

THE gigantic operations of our speculators on 'Change now fairly rival the transactions of Capel Court during the time of England's most serious difficulties. Almost weekly does Wall Street quake with some new monetary spasm. The "Erie war," so long discussed, is now eclipsed by a new sensation. The great event in financial circles within the past ten days has been the break in "Atlantic Mail." The collapse of this huge stock balloon has created an unusual panic among the brokers, and the developments resulting would seem to furnish a key to the whole system of stock manipulations as at present conducted.

On the morning of the 6th instant a rumor got afloat that the leading broker and manipulator of the Company was "sick with brain-fever, and that his father had been conveyed to a lunatic asylum." This was a suitable precursor of what was soon to happen. On the morning of the 9th, at the early session of the Open Board, the first hundred shares of this stock sold at 86½; in less than three minutes it was sold at 60, and within two hours it fell to 25—a fall of 61½ per cent.! Such an extraordinary decline is wholly without precedent in the annals of the Stock Exchange. In 1857, during the panic, the greatest decline in any description of security was only 55¾ in seven weeks. In 1864, Fort Wayne led the rout in a fall of 38 per cent. in one day. Simultaneously with this disaster to the fortunes of Atlantic Mail, the failure of the broker alluded to was announced. The profits of this unfortunate individual in gold transactions, reported at over a million for the two years past, were swallowed up in a twinkling!

The reasons given for this fall are various. The stock had long been held by a small clique who had bid it up from 76 in April, 1867, to 124 in December of the same year, hoping to attract short sales. Failing in this, they sought to attract purchasers who would take the stock off their hands, by declaring a dividend of 2½ per cent. a few months ago; but this scheme also failed. The Company is said to be deeply in debt, and to have lost heavily in consequence of certain transactions in Pacific Mail, wherein they attempted to obtain control of the last-named Company's stock. At that time there was a tight money market, and no one seemed disposed to relieve the large holders of their load, and so the great law of gravitation asserted itself, and down fell the stock in four short months from 124 to 25—a total decline of 99 per cent. It is currently reported that a president of an up-town Savings Bank, who was in the "pool," is heavily involved in the crash! It is also an item of street gossip, that the purchaser of the stock which sold at 86½ on the 9th inst., and who was a prominent broker at the Open Board, bought it for the purpose of closing a "short" contract which he had made shortly before at 87½ with the leading manipulator whose failure is mentioned, and who was the same party who sold the stock at 86½. He was thus fortunately unscathed by the subsequent failure of the other party, losing only his prospective profit of 1 per cent. It is instanced as one of the many hair-breadth escapes which illustrate the history of the Stock Exchange.

While the general public are not sufferers by this disastrous collapse, it will doubtless serve to incite thinking men to inquire into the causes of the ruin, and speculate upon its remote consequences. There is obviously "something rotten" in the present system of money getting and money trading: begotten, doubtless, by the luxury and extravagance which the war engendered, and the abnormal condition in which the war has left us. The quick apprehension of bank managers, which intuitively scents danger when it exists, has already prompted them to scrutinize securities more closely and demand wider margins, while bank directors begin to pursue a more cautious policy in making advances. It is notorious that the larger portion of railway securities in Wall Street are held in comparatively few hands, and artificially inflated, as Atlantic Mail was. With all due regard to the shrewdness and wealth of the leading holders of such securities, it must be granted that a continued tightness in the money market, an accident, or the death of either of the great Railroad Kings, might involve consequences which men are reluctant to contemplate. It is becoming a matter of manifest concern whether a few wealthy capitalists can hold railroad securities to the amount of 75 or 100 millions at prices which all safe and conservative financiers believe are 25 or 30 per cent. more than they are selling for in the market. It was doubtless a vague apprehension of possible danger, quite natural under the circumstances, which caused a decline of 10 per cent. in Hudson River stock within three days subsequent to the Atlantic Mail collapse. Such a marked decline in this particular stock is significant when it is remarked that other descriptions of railway shares did not sympathize with the movement to any great extent. The public are distrustful of one-man supremacy. It behooves capitalists and those who would tempt fate among the quicksands of the Stock Exchange, to ponder well the present aspect of the railway market.

The Atlantic Mail Company's capital was nominally $4,000,000. Their property consisted of several steamships, heavily mortgaged, plying between New York and New Orleans, and 26,000 shares of Pacific Mail stock, which was sold a few months ago. The Directors last fall endeavored to obtain control of the Pacific Mail; but were prevented by an injunction. These transactions in Pacific Mail were disastrous, not only to the individual Directors, but to the interests and prosperity of the Company.

## GIRARD COLLEGE.

IN our issue of the 7th of December last there was a reference to the current reports in regard to the management of Girard College in Philadelphia, which necessarily reflected upon the late President RICHARD SOMERS SMITH. We have since examined the official reports made to the Common Council of Philadelphia in reference to the removal of that gentleman; and it is simple justice to him to say that, whether favorable to his removal or not, the reports vindicate both his character and his abilities, and fully exonerate him from the charges of cruelty that were published against him. We are very sorry that any thing in these columns, although only by allusion to current rumors, should have served to give vogue to what we believe to have been unfounded accusations.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### CONGRESS.

THE Senate is considering a bill for the continuance of the Freedmen's Bureau.

The Senate passed a bill, on April 8, providing that no person shall be held incompetent to act as a juror in consequence of having formed or expressed an opinion based on newspaper reports. It also authorizes jurors to be summoned and empanneled who live outside of the district and State where the case is to be tried. This will allow the courts in the cases of Surratt and Jeff Davis to summon jurors from any State in the Union.

A proposed amendment to the Constitution was introduced in the Senate, April 8, providing that no one shall serve as President for two terms.

A bill was introduced in the House of Representatives, on April 10, to test the Constitutionality of questions vetoed by the President and passed over his veto, by providing for a suit on feigned issues, to be entered by the President and his Attorney-General, and to be contested by the Speaker of the House, the decision to affect the bill finally, either in whole or in part.

### NEWS ITEMS.

A descent was made on an alleged Ku-Klux Klan in St. Louis on April 6, when twenty persons, mostly boys, were arrested, and a constitution, which stated that the object of the order was to drive the ruling robbers and murderers out of the South, by assassination, if necessary, was discovered, and also a few implements of their paraphernalia.

While St. Mary's Cathedral, Chicago, was densely packed on April 10, a cry of fire occasioned a panic, and the galleries fell, killing three women instantly and severely injuring several persons.

Official advices received from Alaska state that an attack upon the Americans in Sitka is contemplated by the Indians and Russians, and that a massacre is imminent unless the troops are reinforced.

Reports are current in Florida that the Indian tribes in that State have declared war against the United States, and committed the overt act by burning a white man at the stake.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

OVER seven thousand emigrants left German ports for America during the week ending April 7, and the prospect is that the emigration this year will be greater than ever.

The new French army bill is driving large numbers of Frenchmen to this country. The office of the United States Legation in Paris is daily crowded by persons seeking information in regard to emigration to this country.

A letter from Dr. David Livingstone, the African explorer, was received in London on April 8, by Sir Roderick Murchison. Dr. Livingstone writes that he is in good health, that his journey of exploration has been successful, and that he will soon return to England.

## THE PRESIDENT'S COUNSEL.

WE gave in the last Number of the *Weekly* the portraits of Messrs. STANBERY, CURTIS, and EVARTS, of President JOHNSON'S counsel, employed in the Impeachment trial. We give in this Number an accurate portrait of Mr. WILLIAM S. GROESBECK.

Mr. GROESBECK is a native of New York, and about forty-two years of age. He removed to Cincinnati, Ohio, at an early age. He was a member of the Commission of 1852 for codifying the laws of Ohio, and also of the Constitutional Convention of the previous year. He was a member of the Thirty-fifth Congress. He was also a member of the Peace Congress of 1861, and was subsequently in the State Senate of Ohio.

The trial of the impeachment of the President was resumed in the Senate on April 9, with the opening speech for the defense made by Mr. CURTIS. On the subsequent day Adjutant-General THOMAS was examined as to the instructions under which he attempted to take possession of the War Office. The testimony as far as elicited does not as yet show the line of defense proposed by the counsel of the President.

WM. S. GROESBECK, ESQ., OF THE PRESIDENT'S COUNSEL.—[PHOT. BY BRADY & CO.]

## FAREWELL TO DICKENS.

OLD Sol's impatient coursers, Boz, have brought the rapid hour
When I, who erst your welcome sang, a farewell note must pour.
The time allows a parting word, and brief the strain must be,
For yonder lies the ready ship to bear you o'er the sea;
Nor may we hope that here again with nimble foot you'll tread
So lightly o'er the crowded stage, to tell us "Marley's dead!"

Well, we have met you face to face; have heard you read your best,
While laurel decked your ample brow—that famous rose your breast.
We've hung enraptured on your voice as its mysterious spell
Waked into life the pleasant forms we've loved so long and well:
We see Bob Cratchet at his board; we see his winsome wife
The wondrous pudding proudly bear—her "great success" in life!
We hear with sympathetic joy (Oh, may we hear them long!)
The plaintive tones of Tiny Tim flow heavenward in song.
And when he breathes his earnest prayer for God to bless each one,
Who envies not the happy group such blessing rests upon?
E'en sordid Scrooge is overcome; his moistened eye grows dim
While pleading with his Spirit-guide to watch o'er Tiny Tim!
Was ever sermon more sublime, or ethics ever fraught
With more of love and charity, or more divinely taught?

But change the scene:—let humbled Scrooge pursue his new career,
And turn to where the Cricket chirps, the heart of Dot to cheer—
Ah, charming Dot! thy winning ways almost persuadeth me
To seek among thy sisterhood for one resembling thee.
What dreams of sweet domestic joys thy lovely presence brings
To lonely hearth of bachelor, where never cricket sings!
Who paints with such rare truthfulness the scenes of lowly life?
Who ever flung so many charms about a peasant's wife?
E'en Wilkie's pencil never bade the speaking canvas tell
The "simple annals of the poor" so exquisitely well.
How plainly to the mental eye each life-like scene appears,
And how we watch the Carrier's fate with mingled hopes and fears;
We hear the faithful Cricket chirp, the precious Baby cry;
We even see the busy Cart, and Boxer dashing by.
And how we melt with sympathy to see Old Caleb make
A palace of his wind-swept hut for poor blind Bertha's sake!
God pardon thee, thou fond old man! such guile is little less
Than virtue, in a breast like thine that knows not selfishness!
If aught but simple truth offend the searching glance ot Heaven,
Deceit that calms a broken heart may surely be forgiven!

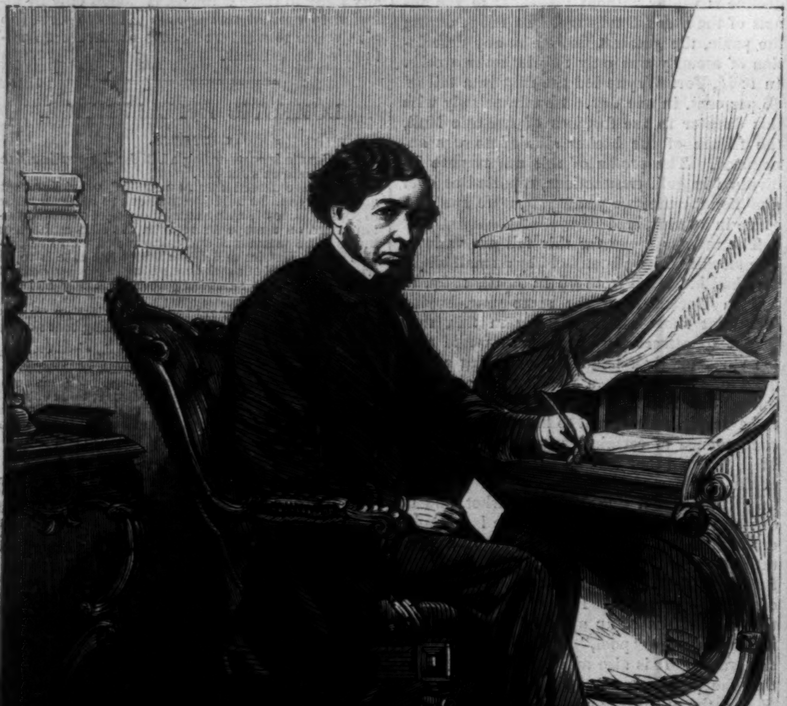
But, hark! I hear the pleasant "Chimes" come pealing on the air;
"Dearly, Dearly," say the "Bells," repeating Lilian's prayer!
And yonder is the bright-eyed Meg, as fair a maid as ere
The holly wove at Christmas-tide to deck the parting year;
And see, beside the joyous girl, the gladdened father stands,
Her glowing face the while compressed within his toilsome hands!
Lives there a philosophic Cute on such a scene would frown,
And seek to elevate mankind by putting feeling "down?"
Yes; there be they, and not a few, whose cold, dry hearts would check
Those bursts of tender passion that ennoble Trotty Veck.
Ah! Toby Veck, "a good heart keep," repress that heavy sigh,
Thou hast in such a daughter's care what gold can never buy!
Indeed you "*have* some business here," for God is over all,
And loves thy humble hearth above the gloss of Bowley Hall!

Oh, Boz, thou good Samaritan, those Christmas Tales of thine,
In breasts a sordid world has bruised, distill the oil and wine!
And either sex, and every rank, brisk Youth and hoary Age,
Like Christian, feel their burden drop as they peruse thy page.
I own *my* debt; and while I live my love will not conceal
For him who rings the Christmas Bells with such a glorious peal!
Who spreads a feast for Toil and Want, and bids the proud go see
If Wealth and Rank taste purer joys than honest Poverty;
Who strikes with wondrous power the chord each human breast within,
Whose throb is Nature's magic touch that makes the world akin.

He who has made so many blest; whose wit and pathos move
The sternest souls to tenderness, is worthy of our love.
And long may you deserve it, Boz—long may you live to find
How greatly genius, moralized, can benefit mankind.
We wept when noble Thackeray exchanged the laurel wreath
That bound his manly forehead for the cypress crown of Death:
We grieve that classic Lytton's pen of late has nothing writ,
And ask that polished son of Song "What *will* he Do with It?"
But while we mourn this twofold loss, our hearts do no forget
That on thy cheek—and breast—dear Boz, the rose is blooming yet!
And oh! we trust that tireless brain, now in meridian glow,
May long retain its present might, and never fall below;
And e'er the Summer's leaf is twirled in Autumn's frolic wind,
To us be borne fresh evidence of that exhaustless mind.

We hope you've passed a pleasant time; and, as we Yankees say,
Who always have an eye to gain, that you have "made it pay."
Our country's feasts and finances in every town you've seen,
And doubtless know which you prefer—our canvas-back or green;
But as you've made a fair return, whatever your success,
I'm sure there beats no honest heart can wish it had been less.
So farewell, Boz! take home our love; and don't forget to tell
John Bull that Brother Jonathan has used you passing well.
Though oft we disagree with John, and vent an angry word,
We'd sooner grasp his burly hand than cross with him the sword;
However wide our views may be, whiche'er may have the right,
We'd rather pledge him in a glass than meet him in the fight;
But not from fear, as John will own; but that we ne'er forget
The blood that warmed him into life throbs in our bosoms yet!

F. J. PARMENTER.



THE LATE THOMAS D'ARCY M'GEE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY NOTMAN, OTTAWA.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

SCENE OF THE ASSASSINATION OF MR. M'GEE.—SKETCHED BY ALFRED JONES.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

# THE MOONSTONE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc.

**Printed from the Author's Manuscript.**

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.

## CHAPTER IV.—(*Continued.*)

I occupied the parlor floor at that period of my residence in London. The front parlor was my sitting-room. Very small, very low in the ceiling, very poorly furnished—but oh, so neat! I looked into the passage to see which of Lady Verinder's servants had asked for me. It was the young footman, Samuel—a civil, fresh-colored person, with a teachable look and a very obliging manner. I had always felt a spiritual interest in Samuel, and a wish to try him with a few serious words. On this occasion I invited him into my sitting-room.

He came in, with a large parcel under his arm. When he put the parcel down it appeared to frighten him. "My lady's love, Miss; and I was to say that you would find a letter inside." Having given that message, the fresh-colored young footman surprised me by looking as if he would have liked to run away.

I detained him to make a few kind inquiries. Could I see my aunt, if I called in Montagu Square? No: she had gone out for a drive. Miss Rachel had gone with her, and Mr. Ablewhite had taken a seat in the carriage too. Knowing how sadly dear Mr. Godfrey's charitable work was in arrear, I thought it odd that he should be going out driving, like an idle man. I stopped Samuel at the door, and made a few more kind inquiries. Miss Rachel was going to a ball that night, and Mr. Ablewhite had arranged to come to coffee and go with her. There was a morning concert advertised for to-morrow, and Samuel was ordered to take places for a large party, including a place for Mr. Ablewhite. "All the tickets may be gone, Miss," said this innocent youth, "if I don't run and get them at once!" He ran as he said the words—and I found myself alone again, with some anxious thoughts to occupy me.

We had a special meeting of the Mothers'-Small-Clothes-Conversion-Society, that night, summoned expressly with a view to obtaining Mr. Godfrey's advice and assistance. Instead of sustaining our sisterhood, under an overwhelming flow of Trowsers which had quite prostrated our little community, he had arranged to take coffee in Montagu Square, and to go to a ball afterward! The afternoon of the next day had been selected for the Festival of the British-Ladies'-Servants'-Sunday-Sweetheart-Supervision-Society. Instead of being present, the life and soul of that struggling Institution, he had engaged to make one of a party of worldlings at a morning concert! I asked myself, What did it mean? Alas! it meant that our Christian Hero was to reveal himself to me in a new character, and to become associated in my mind with one of the most awful backslidings of modern times.

To return, however, to the history of the passing day. On finding myself alone in my room, I naturally turned my attention to the parcel which appeared to have so strangely intimidated the fresh-colored young footman. Had my aunt sent me my promised legacy? and had it taken the form of cast-off clothes, or worn-out silver spoons, or unfashionable jewelry, or any thing of that sort? Prepared to accept all, and to resent nothing, I opened the parcel—and what met my view? The twelve precious publications which I had scattered through the house on the previous day; all returned to me by the doctor's orders! Well might the youthful Samuel shrink when he brought his parcel into my room! Well might he run when he had performed his miserable errand! As to my aunt's letter it simply amounted, poor soul, to this—that she dare not disobey her medical man.

What was to be done now? With my training and my principles, I never had a moment's doubt.

Once self-supported by conscience, once embarked on a career of manifest usefulness, the true Christian never yields. Neither public nor private influences produce the slightest effect on us, when we have once got our mission. Taxation may be the consequence of a mission; riots may be the consequence of a mission; wars may be the consequence of a mission: we go on with our work, irrespective of every human consideration which moves the world outside us. We are above reason; we are beyond ridicule; we see with nobody's eyes, we hear with nobody's ears, we feel with nobody's hearts but our own. Glorious, glorious privilege! And how is it earned? Ah, my friends, you may spare yourselves the useless inquiry! We are the only people who can earn it—for we are the only people who are always right.

In the case of my misguided aunt, the form which pious perseverance was next to take revealed itself to me plainly enough.

Preparation by clerical friends had failed, owing to Lady Verinder's own reluctance. Preparation by books had failed, owing to the doctor's infidel obstinacy. So be it! What was the next thing to try? The next thing to try was—Preparation by Little Notes. In other words, the books themselves having been sent back, select extracts from the books, copied by different hands, and all addressed as letters to my aunt, were, some to be sent by post, and some to be distributed about the house on the plan I had adopted on the previous day. As letters they would excite no suspicion; as letters they would be opened—and, once opened, might be read. Some of them I wrote myself. "Dear aunt, may I ask your attention to a few lines?" etc. "Dear aunt, I was reading last night, and I chanced on the following passage," etc. Other letters were written for me, by my valued fellow-workers, the sisterhood at the Mothers'-Small-Clothes. "Dear Madam, pardon the interest taken in you by a true, though humble, friend." "Dear Madam, may a serious person surprise you by saying a few cheering words?" Using these and other similar forms of courteous appeal, we reintroduced all my precious passages under a form which not even the doctor's watchful materialism could suspect. Before the shades of evening had closed around us I had a dozen awakening letters for my aunt, instead of a dozen awakening books. Six I made immediate arrangements for sending through the post, and six I kept in my pocket for personal distribution in the house the next day.

Soon after two o'clock I was again on the field of pious conflict, addressing more kind inquiries to Samuel at Lady Verinder's door.

My aunt had had a bad night. She was again in the room in which I had witnessed her Will, resting on the sofa, and trying to get a little sleep. I said I would wait in the library, on the chance of seeing her. In the fervor of my zeal to distribute the letters, it never occurred to me to inquire about Rachel. The house was quiet, and it was past the hour at which the musical performance began. I took it for granted that she and her party of pleasure-seekers (Mr. Godfrey, alas! included) were all at the concert, and eagerly devoted myself to my good work, while time and opportunity were still at my own disposal.

My aunt's correspondence of the morning—including the six awakening letters which I had posted overnight—was lying unopened on the library table. She had evidently not felt herself equal to dealing with a large mass of letters—and she might be daunted by the number of them, if she entered the library later in the day. I put one of my second set of six letters on the chimney-piece by itself; leaving it to attract her curiosity, by means of its solitary position, apart from the rest. A second letter I put purposely on the floor in the breakfast-room. The first servant who went in after me would conclude that my aunt had dropped it, and would be specially careful to restore it to her. The field thus sown on the basement story, I ran lightly up stairs to scatter my mercies next over the drawing-room floor.

Just as I entered the front-room I heard a double knock at the street-door—a soft, fluttering, considerate little knock. Before I could think of slipping back to the library (in which I was supposed to be waiting) the active young footman was in the hall, answering the door. It mattered little, as I thought. In my aunt's state of health visitors in general were not admitted. To my horror and amazement the performer of the soft little knock proved to be an exception to general rules. Samuel's voice below me (after apparently answering some questions which I did not hear) said, unmistakably, "Up stairs, if you please, Sir." The next moment I heard footsteps—a man's footsteps—approaching the drawing-room floor. Who could this favored male visitor possibly be? Almost as soon as I asked myself the question the answer occurred to me. Who *could* it be but the doctor?

In the case of any other visitor I should have allowed myself to be discovered in the drawing-room. There would have been nothing out of the common in my having got tired of the library, and having gone up stairs for a change. But my own self-respect stood in the way of my meeting the person who had insulted me by sending me back my books. I slipped into the little third room, which I have mentioned as communicating with the back drawing-room, and dropped the curtains which closed the open doorway. If I only waited there for a minute or two, the usual result in such cases would take place. That is to say, the doctor would be conducted to his patient's room.

I waited a minute or two, and more than a minute or two. I heard the visitor walking restlessly backward and forward. I also heard him talking to himself. I even thought I recognized the voice. Had I made a mistake? Was it not the doctor, but somebody else? Mr. Bruff, for instance? No! an unerring instinct told me it was not Mr. Bruff. Whoever he was, he was still talking to himself. I parted the heavy curtains the least little morsel in the world, and listened.

The words I heard were, "I'll do it to-day!" And the voice that spoke them was Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite's.

## CHAPTER V.

My hand dropped from the curtain. But don't suppose—oh, don't suppose—that the dreadful embarrassment of my situation was the uppermost idea in my mind! So fervent still was the sisterly interest I felt in Mr. Godfrey that I never stopped to ask myself why he was not at the concert. No! I thought only of the words—the startling words—which had just fallen from his lips. He would do it to-day. He had said, in a tone of terrible resolution, he would do it to-day. What, oh what, would he do! Something even more deplorably unworthy of him than what he had done already? Would he apostatize from the faith? Would he abandon us at the Mothers'-Small-Clothes? Had we seen the last of his angelic smile in the committee-room? Had we heard the last of his unrivaled eloquence at Exeter Hall? I was so wrought up by the bare idea of such awful eventualities as these, in connection with such a man, that I believe I should have rushed from my place of concealment, and implored him in the name of all the Ladies' Committees in London to explain himself—when I suddenly heard another voice in the room. It penetrated through the curtains; it was loud, it was bold, it was wanting in every female charm. The voice of Rachel Verinder!

"Why have you come up here, Godfrey?" she asked. "Why didn't you go into the library?"

He laughed softly, and answered, "Miss Clack is in the library."

"Clack in the library!" She instantly seated herself on the ottoman in the back drawing-room. "You are quite right, Godfrey. We had much better stop here."

I had been in a burning fever a moment since, and in some doubt what to do next. I became extremely cold now, and felt no doubt whatever. To show myself after what I had heard, was impossible. To retreat—except into the fire-place—was equally out of the question. A martyrdom was before me. In justice to myself, I noiselessly arranged the curtains so that I could both see and hear. And then I met my martyrdom with the spirit of a primitive Christian.

"Don't sit on the ottoman," the young lady proceeded. "Bring a chair, Godfrey. I like people to be opposite to me when I talk to them."

He took the nearest seat. It was a low chair. He was very tall, and many sizes too large for it. I never saw his legs to such disadvantage before.

"Well?" she went on. "What did you say to them?"

"Just what you said, dear Rachel, to me."

"That mamma was not at all well to-day? And that I didn't quite like leaving her to go to the concert?"

"Those were the words. They were grieved to lose you at the concert, but they quite understood. All sent their love; and all expressed a cheering belief that Lady Verinder's indisposition would soon pass away."

"*You* don't think it's serious, do you, Godfrey?"

"Far from it! In a few days, I feel quite sure, all will be well again."

"I think so too. I was a little frightened at first, but I think so too. It was very kind to go and make my excuses for me to people who are almost strangers to you. But why not have gone with them to the concert? It seems very hard that you should miss the music, too."

"Don't say that, Rachel! If you only knew how much happier I am—here, with you!"

He clasped his hands, and looked at her. In the position which he occupied, when he did that, he turned my way. Can words describe how I sickened when I noticed exactly the same pathetic expression on his face, which had charmed me when he was pleading for destitute millions of his fellow-creatures on the platform at Exeter Hall!

"It's hard to get over one's bad habits, Godfrey. But do try to get over the habit of paying compliments—do to please me."

"I never paid *you* a compliment, Rachel, in my life. Successful love may sometimes use the language of flattery, I admit. But hopeless love, dearest, always speaks the truth."

He drew his chair close, and took her hand, when he said "hopeless love." There was a momentary silence. He who thrilled every body had doubtless thrilled *her*. I thought I now understood the words which had dropped from him when he was alone in the drawing-room. "I'll do it to-day." Alas! the most rigid propriety could hardly have failed to discover that he was doing it now.

"Have you forgotten what we agreed on, Godfrey, when you spoke to me in the country? We agreed that we were to be cousins, and nothing more."

"I break the agreement, Rachel, every time I see you."

"Then don't see me."

"Quite useless! I break the agreement every time I think of you. Oh, Rachel! how kindly you told me, only the other day, that my place in your estimation was a higher place than it had ever been yet! Am I mad to build the hopes I do on those dear words? Am I mad to dream of some future day when your heart may soften to me? Don't tell me so, if I am! Leave me my

"MAY MODESTY MENTION THAT HE PUT HIS ARMS ROUND HER NEXT!"

delusion, dearest! I must have *that* to cherish, and to comfort me, if I have nothing else!"

His voice trembled, and he put his white handkerchief to his eyes. Exeter Hall again! Nothing wanting to complete the parallel but the audience, the cheers, and the glass of water.

Even *her* obdurate nature was touched. I saw her lean a little nearer to him. I heard a new tone of interest in her next words.

"Are you really sure, Godfrey, that you are as fond of me as that?"

"Sure! You know what I was, Rachel. Let me tell you what I am. I have lost every interest in life, but my interest in you. A transformation has come over me which I can't account for, myself. Would you believe it? My charitable business is an unendurable nuisance to me; and when I see a Ladies' Committee now, I wish myself at the uttermost ends of the earth!"

If the annals of apostasy offer any thing comparable to such a declaration as that, I can only say that the case in point is not producible from the stores of *my* reading. I thought of the Mothers'-Small-Clothes. I thought of the Sunday-Sweetheart-Supervision. I thought of the other Societies, too numerous to mention, all built up on this man as on a tower of strength. I thought of the struggling Female Boards, who, so to speak, drew the breath of their business-life through the nostrils of Mr. Godfrey—of that same Mr. Godfrey who had just reviled our good work as a "nuisance"—and just declared that he wished he was at the uttermost ends of the earth when he found himself in our company! My young female friend will feel encouraged to persevere, when I mention that it tried even my discipline before I could devour my own righteous indignation in silence. At the same time, it is only justice to myself to add, that I didn't lose a syllable of the conversation. Rachel was the next to speak.

"You have made your confession," she said. "I wonder whether it would cure you of your unhappy attachment to me, if I made mine?"

He started. I confess I started too. He thought, and I thought, that she was about to divulge the mystery of the Moonstone.

"Would you think, to look at me," she went on, "that I am the wretchedest girl living? It's true, Godfrey. What greater wretchedness can there be than to live degraded in your own estimation? That is my life now."

"My dear Rachel! it's impossible you can have any reason to speak of yourself in that way!"

"How do you know I have no reason?"

"Can you ask me the question! I know it, because I know *you*. Your silence, dearest, has never lowered you in the estimation of your true friends. The disappearance of your precious birthday gift may seem strange; your unexplained connection with that event may seem stranger still—"

"Are you speaking of the Moonstone, Godfrey?"

"I certainly thought that you referred—"

"I referred to nothing of the sort. I can hear of the loss of the Moonstone, let who will speak of it, without feeling degraded in my own estimation. If the story of the Diamond ever comes to light, it will be known that I accepted a dreadful responsibility; it will be known that I involved myself in the keeping of a miserable secret—but it will be as clear as the sun at noonday that I did nothing mean! You have misunderstood me, Godfrey. It's my fault for not speaking more plainly. Cost me what it may, I will be plainer now. Suppose you were not in love with me? Suppose you were in love with some other woman?"

"Yes?"

"Suppose you discovered that woman to be utterly unworthy of you? Suppose you were quite convinced that it was a disgrace to you to waste another thought on her? Suppose the bare idea of ever marrying such a person made your face burn, only with thinking of it?"

"Yes?"

"And, suppose, in spite of all that—you couldn't tear her from your heart? Suppose the feeling she had roused in you (in the time when you believed in her) was a feeling not to be bidden? Suppose the love this wretch had inspired in you—? Oh, how can I find words to say it in! How can I make a *man* understand that a feeling which horrifies me at myself can be a feeling that fascinates me at the same time? It's the breath of my life, Godfrey, and it's the poison that kills me—both in one! Go away! I must be out of my mind to talk as I am talking now. No! you mustn't leave me—you mustn't carry away a wrong impression. I must say what is to be said in my own defense. Mind this! *He* doesn't know—he never will know, what I have told *you*. I will never see him—I don't care what happens—I will never, never, never see him again! Don't ask me his name! Don't ask me any more! Let's change the subject. Are you doctor enough, Godfrey, to tell me why I feel as if I was stifling for want of breath? Is there a form of hysterics that bursts into words instead of tears? I dare say! What does it matter? You will get over any trouble I have caused you, easily enough now. I have dropped to my right place in your estimation, haven't I? Don't notice me! Don't pity me! For God's sake, go away!"

She turned round on a sudden, and beat her hands wildly on the back of the ottoman. Her head dropped on the cushions; and she burst out crying. Before I had time to feel shocked at this, I was horror-struck by an entirely unexpected proceeding on the part of Mr. Godfrey. Will it be credited that he fell on his knees at her feet?—on *both* knees, I solemnly declare! May modesty mention that he put his arms round her next? And may reluctant admiration acknowledge that he electrified her with two words?

"Noble creature!"

No more than that! But he did it with one of the bursts which have made his fame as a public speaker. She sat, either quite thunder-struck, or quite fascinated—I don't know which—without even making an effort to put his arms back where his arms ought to have been. As for me, my sense of propriety was completely bewildered. I was so painfully uncertain whether it was my first duty to close my eyes, or to stop my ears, that I did neither. I attribute my being still able to hold the curtain in the right position for looking and listening, entirely to suppressed hysterics. In suppressed hysterics, it is admitted even by the doctors, that one must hold something.

"Yes," he said, with all the fascination of his evangelical voice and manner, "you are a noble creature! A woman who can speak the truth, for the truth's own sake—a woman who will sacrifice her pride, rather than sacrifice an honest man who loves her—is the most priceless of all treasures. When such a woman marries, if her husband only wins her esteem and regard, he wins enough to ennoble his whole life. You have spoken, dearest, of your place in my estimation. Judge what that place is—when I implore you on my knees, to let the cure of your poor wounded heart be my care. Rachel! will you honor me, will you bless me, by being my wife?"

By this time I should certainly have decided on stopping my ears, if Rachel had not encouraged me to keep them open, by answering him in the first sensible words I had ever heard fall from her lips.

"Godfrey!" she said, "you must be mad!"

"I never spoke more reasonably, dearest—in your interests, as well as in mine. Look for a moment to the future. Is your happiness to be sacrificed to a man who has never known how you feel toward him, and whom you are resolved never to see again? Is it not your duty to yourself to forget this ill-fated attachment? and is forgetfulness to be found in the life you are leading now? You have tried that life, and you are wearying of it already. Surround yourself with nobler interests than the wretched interests of the world. A heart that loves and honors you; a home whose peaceful claims and happy duties win gently on you day by day—try the consolation, Rachel, which is to be found *there!* I don't ask for your love—I will be content with your affection and regard. Let the rest be left, confidently left, to your husband's devotion, and to Time that heals even wounds as deep as yours."

She began to yield already. Oh, what a bringing-up she must have had! Oh, how differently I should have acted in her place!

"Don't tempt me, Godfrey," she said; "I am wretched enough and reckless enough as it is. Don't tempt me to be more wretched and more reckless still!"

"One question, Rachel. Have you any personal objection to me?"

"I! I always liked you. After what you have just said to me, I should be insensible indeed if I didn't respect and admire you as well."

"Do you know many wives, my dear Rachel, who respect and admire their husbands? And yet they and their husbands get on very well. How many brides go to the altar with hearts that would bear inspection by the men who take them there? And yet it doesn't end unhappily—somehow or other the nuptial establishment jogs on. The truth is, that women try marriage as a Refuge, far more numerously than they are willing to admit; and, what is more, they find that marriage has justified their confidence in it. Look at your own case once again. At your age, and with your attractions, is it possible for you to sentence yourself to a single life? Trust my knowledge of the world—nothing is less possible. It is merely a question of time. You may marry some other man, some years hence. Or you may marry the man, dearest, who is now at your feet, and who prizes your respect and admiration above the love of any other woman on the face of the earth."

"Gently, Godfrey! you are putting something into my head which I never thought of before. You are tempting me with a new prospect, when all my other prospects are closed before me. I tell you again, I am miserable enough and desperate enough, if you say another word, to marry you on your own terms. Take the warning, and go!"

"I won't even rise from my knees till you have said yes!"

"If I say yes you will repent, and I shall repent when it is too late!"

"We shall both bless the day, darling, when I pressed, and when you yielded."

"Do you feel as confidently as you speak?"

"You shall judge for yourself. I speak from what I have seen in my own family. Tell me what you think of our household at Frizinghall. Do my father and mother live unhappily together?"

"Far from it—so far as I can see."

"When my mother was a girl, Rachel (it is no secret in the family), she had loved as you love—she had given her heart to a man who was unworthy of her. She married my father, respecting him, admiring him, but nothing more. Your own eyes have seen the result. Is there no encouragement in it for you and for me?"*

"You won't hurry me, Godfrey?"

"My time shall be yours."

"You won't ask me for more than I can give?"

"My angel! I only ask you to give me yourself."

"Take me!"

In those two words she accepted him!

He had another burst—a burst of unholy rapture this time. He drew her nearer and nearer to him till her face touched his; and then— No! I really can not prevail upon myself to carry this shocking disclosure any farther. Let me only say that I tried to close my eyes before it happened, and that I was just one moment too late. I had calculated, you see, on her resisting. She submitted. To every right-feeling person of my own sex volumes could say no more.

Even my innocence in such matters began to see its way to the end of the interview now. They understood each other so thoroughly by this time that I fully expected to see them walk off together, arm in arm, to be married. There appeared, however, judging by Mr. Godfrey's next words, to be one more trifling formality which it was necessary to observe. He seated himself—unforbidden this time—on the ottoman by her side. "Shall I speak to your dear mother?" he asked. "Or will you?"

She declined both alternatives.

"Let my mother hear nothing from either of us until she is better. I wish it to be kept a secret for the present, Godfrey. Go now, and come back this evening. We have been here alone together quite long enough."

She rose, and, in rising, looked for the first time toward the little room in which my martyrdom was going on.

"Who has drawn those curtains?" she exclaimed. "The room is close enough, as it is, without keeping the air out of it in that way."

She advanced to the curtains. At the moment when she laid her hand on them—at the moment when the discovery of me appeared to be quite inevitable—the voice of the fresh-colored young footman, on the stairs, suddenly suspended any further proceedings on her side or on mine. It was unmistakably the voice of a man in great alarm.

"Miss Rachel!" he called out, "where are you, Miss Rachel?"

She sprang back from the curtains and ran to the door.

The footman came just inside the room. His ruddy color was all gone. He said, "Please to come down stairs, miss! My lady has fainted, and we can't bring her to again."

In a moment more I was alone, and free to go down stairs in my turn, quite unobserved.

Mr. Godfrey passed me in the hall, hurrying out, to fetch the doctor. "Go in, and help them!" he said, pointing to the room. I found Rachel on her knees by the sofa, with her mother's head on her bosom. One look at my aunt's face (knowing what I knew) was enough to warn me of the dreadful truth. I kept my thoughts to myself till the doctor came in. It was not long before he arrived. He began by sending Rachel out of the room—and then he told the rest of us that Lady Verinder was no more. Serious persons, in search of proofs of hardened skepticism, may be interested in hearing that he showed no signs of remorse when he looked at Me.

At a later hour I peeped into the breakfast-room and the library. My aunt had died without opening one of the letters which I had addressed to her. I was so shocked at this that it never occurred to me, until some days afterward, that she had also died without giving me my little legacy.

* See Betteredge's Narrative. Chapter VIII., page 54.

## UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

It was after banking-hours, and Marvin Hillhouse had been sitting for an hour on the upper step of the back piazza without speaking. He was timing the bees that flew to and fro between Deacon Caller's hives and the sweet scarlet roses hedging in the brick-walk that led from the little side-gate around to the kitchen-door.

Suddenly he pushed back his straw-hat. "Holloa, Clara! What is up?" he cried.

Evidently Clara herself, for one thing, was up; for immediately there was a stir in the small summer parlor and a face looked through the window opening upon the piazza, with a rising reflection on it. A fat, good-natured face, lighted up by gentle gray eyes, and a warm, ready smile; and belonging to Marvin Hillhouse's sister, Mrs. Forsythe.

"Peleg is out to-day with a basket and his umbrella. Any body going to be married?" continued Marvin, keeping his eyes on one bee a little busier than its fellows, that fluttered off and fluttered back, again and again, to the opening heart of a half-blown rose.

"Mrs. Dunks didn't know it this morning when she came for her milk, if there is. She *mistrusts* there is something between that young clerk at Folder's book-store and Florence Bell, but that was the nearest approach," replied Mrs. Forsythe, with the ready smile.

"Then it can't be a wedding," returned her brother. "And I didn't suppose any body could get so far on even a quilting-party without Marm Dunks's knowing it. There he comes! He has been gone six minutes and a quarter," he added, quickly.

Mrs. Forsythe put her head a little farther from the window. "How absurd!" said she, looking incredulously at a bee just losing itself in the scarlet neck of a honey-cup that grew on a stalk of balm at the end of the piazza. "Just as though you could know one bee from another, when they are coming and going constantly."

Marvin opened his mouth, when he was interrupted by the sound of the gate opening and falling together again; and immediately a blue cotton umbrella came around the lilac-bushes at the corner of the house. So instead of words of wisdom on the science of aviology, the open mouth only dropped the commonplace, "Is this you, Peleg! What you got there?"

Peleg, who was walking under the blue umbrella, and was Mrs. Dunks's eldest and only son, wore a full suit of white linen even to gloves, and carried a perfumed handkerchief; for although he was every body's errand-boy and man-of-all-work, he held himself, personally, exceedingly high.

"It is a note or billet from Mrs. Cahoon to her son's wooden-wedding. 'N. P.' in the corner means 'no presents,' they don't want any brought. Next Wednesday will be five years since their son was married, and that is why the cards are *grained*," explained Peleg, in his genteelest tone.

"Just so," replied Marvin Hillhouse, holding his hand for the card. "And that is why you had your hair *shingled*, I suppose, and that *shaving* hanging to your coat."

Peleg looked over his shoulder in dandyish horror; then smiled a smile that made his mouth look like a dentist's office.

"That is a *can*-ard, isn't it, Mr. Hillhouse?" said he, starting off with the air of heading a procession.

He turned upon himself before marching entirely around behind the lilacs; "It is a warm day," he said, with the appearance of intending to give information, as he wiped his face daintily with the perfumed handkerchief.

Then he headed the procession again, and again turned upon it, coming back this time to say, "I carry this umbrella to keep off the sun," and then finally disappeared.

"I can't imagine what Marm Dunks is about, that she doesn't come in to borrow a tea-spoonful of saleratus, or 'a drawing of tea,' and tell you all she knows about the party; and some things that she *guesses*," said Marvin.

But in truth Mrs. Dunks had good reason for not coming in with her generous tongue. She was at that instant polishing silver in Mrs. Cahoon's back pantry, with her face drawn up in puckers and wrinkles, answering to every motion of her hands. When she did any thing she always did it with her whole body, and the busier she worked the faster she talked.

"I should say a pyramid of colored *i*-scream on each end of the table, one white and one pink, if you please, would make a good show, and be quite a set-off. My Peleg tells me that is how Fluffer's folks fixed their table last New-Year's Day. Peleg was there to wait on the door and keep up the fires and such. I don't know how it is," laughed the mother, in satisfied pride, "but somehow, nothing can come off without my Peleg having a hand in; so I most generally know from him what's what, and who's who."

"That is a very pretty notion about the ice-cream. I wonder where the Fluffers got theirs?" said Mrs. Cahoon, who was busy grating, sometimes cocoa-nut and sometimes her fingers.

"At Macomb's. He gets up such things best of any body in the place, and full as reasonable, too, if not more so."

"I will get Mr. Cahoon to speak to Macomb about it to-night. We are a little straitened for time, Mrs. Dunks, not making up our minds to give the party at this time till noon to-day. But sending to Riverview for the fancy cakes and confectionery takes off a great deal, so I guess we shall get through with it. I am glad you spoke about the ice-cream," said Mrs. Cahoon, who was thankful to get any suggestions; for, to tell the truth, she was a deal more at home in dishing-up dinners for a table full of hungry men than she was in the elegances of fashionable life.

For thirty years she had looked after the pickling of pork, the fattening of pigs and poultry, and the daily bread and shirts of an ample family; keeping at the same time a sharp and capable eye on her husband's lumber-yard and saw-mill. But at last having made a fortune they had bought the handsomest house in Hanfield, and were trying to spread themselves out in a style becoming their money. They were received at once into society, and treated with all the attention due so many dollars; the Presbyterians vying with the Congregationalists to be first in making the new-comers feel at home each in their own church.

"The neighbors has all been very kind, and we want to show them some attention in return; so we are going to make this occasion a grand invite, and take in all," said Mrs. Cahoon, with condescending confidence to Mrs. Dunks; and thus directly to the whole parish, for Mrs. Dunks was as good a conductor as a telegraph-wire.

At this moment, however, the confidence was cut off by the jangling of the back-door knocker. Mrs. Cahoon happened to be passing the door at the instant with her pan of grated cocoa-nut, and opening it found her nearest neighbor, Mrs. Forsythe, standing outside.

"Mrs. Cahoon," said she. She had a habit of introducing herself, formed since coming into a community of strangers, and with a polite little courtesy, partly in respect to her visitor, and partly in respect to herself. "I was just passing, and so I opened the door myself," she continued, in a tone of apology. Then she added with a business manner, "Come in and take a look over the house, Mrs. Forsythe?"

"Oh, thank you, Mrs. Cahoon, I can't stop now. I just ran over to say if you wish for extra milk, more than you can get from your milkman, we can supply you, as we keep a cow and have an abundance."

"I am much obliged, I am sure, ma'am. The neighbors is all very kind, and I tell them I can't get homesick for the old place if I try, though there are some things I miss. But you must come in and see the house. We think we have fixed it up so it is quite *tenable* now."

"Not to-day, thank you, Mrs. Cahoon. I left company at home, and I know you are busy. Besides you remember I have been over it once; it is a very nice house, and I hope you will enjoy it," said Mrs. Forsythe, beginning to move away.

But Mrs. Cahoon was not to be shorn of her hospitality. "Mr. Cahoon expects me to show the house to every body who calls. Come," said she, so decidedly that her impatient visitor felt

she must follow. "Up stairs, down stairs, and in my lady's chamber," where every thing was finished and furnished with all the magnificence that the upholsterer could suggest and money could pay for; but where refined tastes and practiced fingers never followed with their softening touches. The establishment was grand as a first-class wareroom; but no more homelike.

"These carpets is velvet, and cost us six hundred dollars in New York," said the show-woman, expert with frequent practice. "We are told, and by them that we thought knew, that Mrs. Fluffer has the next best carpet in town, and hers only cost *five* hundred. And the style of *this* room," she continued, opening a door into a chamber, finished on wainscot and moulding in papier-maché, and furnished with rose-colored damask, "the *architecture* tells us is entirely *unquique*. This picture we bought of the painter himself, and it represents a display of the *Erroria* Borealis. We are told the frame is the most expensive in the county; but I suppose we got it rather *under*. It saves, you know, not take quite so much money as you think it will cost. Sometimes they will let you off a little. However, with all our savings here and there, Mr. Cahoon says twenty thousand won't cover our expenses this year; but then we can afford it. Take care! You are treading on that mat," she cried out, suddenly, jumping expertly over a fluff of white down that looked like a thistle-ball, lying on the carpet by the front-parlor door, as she spoke.

And then having made the entire round from garret to basement, Mrs. Cahoon opened the front-door and courtesied out her visitor. After that she hurried back to the kitchen.

"These calls are such a put-out to a body's work, and you can't know when to expect them any more than when thunder is coming," said she, with a resigned sigh.

Mrs. Cahoon's gentility sat upon her something like her bonnet which was made by an artist, and cost as much as half the bonnets in church put together; but which had the effect of a hornet's nest blown upon her head by the northwest wind. There are many things "you can not buy with gold," *beside* "the old association."

"If I had come from common country life into a handsome town-estate I wouldn't make any pretensions, but just go around with grass in my mouth and done with it," said Marvin Hillhouse, when Mrs. Forsythe came home with the story of her neighborly call.

Meantime Mrs. Cahoon, serenely unconscious of having produced any but a dazzling impression, was once more absorbed in the preparations for her grand party; but she found other obstacles in the way besides the entertainment of visitors, as a cow trying on the airs of a gazelle would be likely to. And nothing went as it should. The oysters were all spoiled in the pickling, the blanc-mange wouldn't thicken and then got *too* thick; and the cake came out of the oven looking like the face of the earth in the time of Korah.

"However," said Mrs. Cahoon, cheerfully, "I can cover the *frissures* with a good thick frosting, and after it is cut they will never be noticed in the world. That is the economy of cake-baskets, you can use up the pieces. *We* don't need to think of economy to be sure," she added, recollecting herself, "but then the *time* is worth saving."

So she heaped on the icing till it stood up like the Chinese wall, and then it was obstinate and wouldn't dry. There it was Wednesday morning, just as soft as ever, simply sugar and egg-froth, and putting it into the oven to harden, Mrs. Cahoon went off to show the house to a young girl who had come in with a basket of rare flowers. She was courtesying her out in nervous haste when Mrs. Dunks came flurrying up the marble-flagged walk, with a little dried-up rustle and whisk like a dead leaf blown by the wind.

"I called over to see if I could be of any service," said she. "I have set out Peleg's dinner—though as for the matter of that, if my Peleg is *put* to 't he can get up as nice a meal as I can myself—and Dunks, he is to work for Fluffer's folks to-day, cutting the grass in their orchard-piece, and he took a bite of something along with him. So, says I, I will clap on my things and step up to Mrs. Cahoon's. Be sure she has maids enough, but maids is *maids*, and they need close looking after. So here I be, and I will stay and help if you say the word."

"Certainly, Mrs. Dunks. You are very kind, as all the neighbors is, and I am glad you come; though we made no such *assignment*," replied Mrs. Cahoon, too proud to acknowledge the relief she really felt.

Then a man came with some baskets of crockery, and so Mrs. Dunks made her way into the house and kitchen alone. She came back immediately.

"The cake is all burned to a *crips* as sure as you are born!" she cried. "I smelled it momentarily I crossed the thrashold. It seems Sara Jane came down stairs and built a rousing fire the first thing, without noticing what was in the oven, any thing about it. One loaf and ma'be *two* will possibly make a do of it; take and frost them over again; but that is all. We'll have to spring around and make some more before the cat can mew twice."

The cat mewed a great many times before the cake was ready, and then it proved the oysters were sour; and at *Hanfield*, people no more thought of a party without scalloped oysters than they did of a party without guests. But blessed be the man who invented saleratus; mind triumphed over matter, and the scallops and oyster-pies came out "sweet as a rose," said Mrs. Dunks. "And now how about the tables? Supposing we set them at once, and have that done."

Mrs. Cahoon assented, and soon the dining-room was magnificent in all the glory of silver services, frosted cakes, fruits, and vases of bright flowers. The mistress of this splendor stood looking at it as proud as Nebuchadnezzar, when suddenly there came a crashing sound and a muffled scream, followed by a fall of mortar, dropping in little lumps, and flying in a gritty shower over frostings and fruits. Mrs. Cahoon looked up in horror, and saw in the centre of the stuccoed wreath of corn and grapes and apples, a foot and ankle clothed in a number eight shoe and heavy blue stocking, that bore an unmistakable likeness to the shoe and stocking of the luckless Sara Jane. It seemed in going hastily across the unfloored chamber above the dining-room upon the rafters, she had stepped off upon the light lathing between, and before she could catch her balance had literally got her foot in it, spraining her ankle in the operation.

But Mrs. Dunks, whose ingenuity would have kept her dangling about the patent-office, to her cost and her torment, if she had had the misfortune to be of the inventing gender, skillfully pasted over the aperture with white paper, that if nobody took particular observation the fracture would not be especially noticeable. And under her persistent fingers the table was presently looking as gorgeously as ever, though there might perchance be an unpleasant grittiness about the icing here and there.

And at last Lyra and Venus came out, singing as they shone, and, looking through the three-hundred dollar lace curtains, they saw Mrs. Cahoon dressed in fen-colored moiré antique, courtesying to her "neighbors;" presenting her son and his wife who were the passive pivot around which this party—in its character of a wooden-wedding—was supposed to revolve; and her eldest daughter, "Miss Deela." Miss Deela was an unformed rose-bud, at the age when the features are much too large for the face, and there is always an appearance of being mounted on a foot-stool; and the married son looked as though he had much rather be handling mill-logs than white gloves.

As for Mrs. Cahoon, oppressed with her own greatness, she escaped as soon as possible into the kitchen, where her heart and thoughts had been all the while. And she dawned upon that horizon in good time.

"Land alive!" she cried, dropping her manners in the parlor with her last courtesy, "what smells so?"

Sniffing around she opened at last the lid of the coffee-urn. "What is the matter with this coffee? Mrs. Dunks, you try some of it; I am afraid of staining my dress," said she.

"I'll be buttered," replied Mrs. Dunks, sniffing and tasting, "if the eggs Bridget settled it with wasn't bad eggs."

She didn't have to be "buttered," for "the eggs *was* bad," and very bad. So the next thing was to send to the store for more coffee; but most of the grocers had shut for the night, and the messenger could only get the unground coffee-beans; and Mrs. Cahoon, who had trailed her irksome magnificence back into the parlor, was presently startled by the unmistakable odor of burning coffee; not *browned*, but *burned*, black and bitter.

And then following fast after, like Job's messengers, came the boy from the express office, to say the last train was in from Riverview, and the cake and confectionery ordered was not in with it.

"And, heart alive! Why doesn't Macomb send the *i*-scream?" said Mrs. Dunks. "He is the greatest old laziness-on-legs you ever saw, and it is a chance if he gets it here to-night," she added, soothingly.

There were reasons thick as clovers in a summer meadow why the ice-cream had not been sent. The cow refused to give the milk, the milk refused to turn to cream, the cream refused to get into the dairy-man's can, and the can refused to stop at the restauranter's; so the restauranter was entirely free from blame, as employés always are in failures of contract. And now, after overcoming obstacles to which Columbus's little efforts at discovering *us* were just the wavering of a butterfly over a field of thistles, Mr. Macomb was preparing to fill his freezers.

Meanwhile midnight came and midnight went; but the later the more genteel, and at last the supper was over, the guests were gone, and there was no sound in all the stately house excepting of a rat dancing between the walls in his dainty satin slippers; for rats, like love, respect neither time nor place.

The next evening Mrs. Forsythe called, in a friendly way, to ask how Mrs. Cahoon found herself after her late exertions. She found herself really ill, it seemed, for she was lying upon a sofa with a sick-headache. But she instantly rose.

"You must go over the house," said she.

"Oh no, Mrs. Cahoon! By no means. I have been over it, you know; and if I never had, here you are not able to hold your head up," protested Mrs. Forsythe.

"That is nothing. I can stand it if you can. Come ahead," replied the hospitable mistress.

"No, but really I don't care to go. It is excessively warm, and I don't feel strong," pleaded Mrs. Forsythe, who was oppressively fleshy, and already overpowered by her walk.

"Come!" returned Mrs. Cahoon, unflinchingly. "You must see the stuff that came from Riverview by express, at any rate. It came this morning, and we paid five hundred dollars for what there is here," she continued, opening the door into the dining-room. "And now tell me, as a neighbor, if it passed off well."

As a neighbor Mrs. Forsythe assured her, pouting and perspiring while she spoke, that the evening was a complete success.

"So they tell me," replied Mrs. Cahoon, complacently.

"We had seventeen bouquets in these three rooms," added "Miss Deela," who was leading a procession of all the younger children, in this great work of showing the house.

"*Seventeen*, Deela? Wasn't it *eighteen?* counting the china osiers in the lapis lazuli vase on the double-decked bracket?" corrected the mother. Then she turned again to Mrs. Forsythe. "I am glad you think it went off well. We didn't mean to spare for the cost, and we *thought* the neighbors seemed to enjoy themselves," said she, making her final courtesy at the front-door.

## FOLLOWING THE SUN.

THE wise little swallows—they know the time to fly!
Look, how in clouds they darken the gray November sky!
The last red leaf has fallen, the Autumn reign is done,
And they go where the Summer went, following the sun.

They leave us looking after, and sighing, "Happy things!
Would we stay in the Northland if we had your wings?
From the frozen meadows, to where the waters run,
We too would swiftly southward go, following the sun."

Why should winged creatures brood over empty nests?
Rise my thoughts, and hasten to be the Summer's guests!
For all the airy people here is comfort none,
Fly with the swallows southward then, following the sun.

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

AMONG the many excellent hotels in our country, the Continental Hotel in Philadelphia has an enviable reputation. Completed and opened for occupation in the winter of 1860, it speedily won its way into public favor by its convenient, comfortable, and elegant accommodations. It has never fallen below the high standard of excellence set for itself, and the fact that it is so extensively patronized proves that the popularity of a hotel depends upon the confidence of the public in its internal arrangements.

The Continental Hotel is situated on the corner of Chestnut and Ninth streets—a most convenient locality. On these streets it is six stories in height, while on Sansom Street it is eight stories high. It is built of sandstone and brick, is sustained by richly-ornamented cast-iron piers, and the whole edifice is crowned with a heavy modillion cornice of cast-iron. The main hall on the street-floor is 185 feet in depth, in the centre of which is an open business exchange. On this floor also are the Gentlemen's Conversation Room, the Reading Room, the General Office, Wash Room for gentlemen, Coat Room, Telegraph Office, Writing Rooms, Smoking Room, Billiard Saloon, Restaurant, Newspaper Stand, etc., etc. Two special features of this building are the grand self-sustaining stairway, around which an open balcony is formed on the second story, and the vertical Railway, or Elevator, which extends from the ground-floor to the top of the house. This latter contrivance—which is based upon such mechanical principles as to insure perfect safety—appears to the casual visitor to be merely a nicely-furnished little room, into which he can step from any story, seat himself comfortably, and ascend or descend to any floor of the hotel. By this same Elevator he can also be conveyed to the spacious Observatory above the main roof, whence there is a fine view of the city and suburban localities. The large public parlors and dining-rooms are on the second-floor; and the table is supplied with every luxury the most dainty epicure could desire. The culinary department is a curiosity in itself: but the details are too numerous to come within the limits of this paragraph. Much of the cooking is done by steam, and the working portions of the house are all fire-proof. In case, however, of an alarm of fire, such arrangements are made that the whole building could be flooded with water in five minutes. Notwithstanding its size, and the number of occupants, the Continental Hotel is an unusually quiet one. The well-trained servants—of whom there are not less than three hundred employed—tread softly the thickly-carpeted corridors and stairs, and are exceedingly attentive to guests. Chancing to spend a Sabbath recently at the Continental, among numerous other little arrangements which make the stranger feel at home, we noticed the following simple announcement hanging in one of the principal corridors: "*Seats reserved for our guests in —— Church.*" Some inferences on the moral effect of placards might be deduced from this single sentence; especially when compared with equally-conspicuous placards which greet the stranger's eye in sundry hotels farther south. It is somewhat alarming, as you follow your trunk up the stairs of a strange hotel, to see in glaring capitals on the walls, "LOOK YOUR DOOR! LOOK OUT FOR HOTEL THIEVES!" Nor is it comforting to observe the same notice in your room, to have it again intruded upon you in the parlors, and yet again in the dining-room. One feels as if he had fallen into a robber's den! While some information about the ordinary arrangements of a hotel should be placed in every room, nothing makes one feel so little at home as to have thrust upon him at every corner a list of things which he must, or must not do. We remember to have seen the bill-of-fare in a large hotel headed with these words: "*Table-napkins must not be taken from the dining-room!*" Probably not one in a thousand would ever have thought of doing such a thing if it had not been suggested. But the nine hundred and ninety-nine had the warning thrust in their faces during their meals, for the sake of the one. The proprietor of that hotel would have been wiser to have suffered the loss of a napkin with equanimity.

Two or three weeks ago the newspapers reported a sad account of a little girl who died from the effects of a bite received from a Newfoundland dog, with which she was frolicking, as she was in the habit of freely doing. More recently another terrible death from hydrophobia occurred in Newark. A couple of months ago a gentleman was bitten in the hand by a pet-dog while attempting to punish him. The wound was suffered to heal, and no inconvenience was felt until a short time ago, when the usual violent symptoms appeared. Death was a welcome relief to his terrible sufferings.

A matter worthy the attention of business men and others is the device of generating gas for lighting buildings by burning cheap oils. A reservoir is placed in the cellar, outbuildings, or garret, and the oil is conducted through common gas-pipes. There is no wick, no chimney, no machinery. The arrangement is simple, and is said to give a superior light at very small cost. Cities, towns, churches, houses, and factories can be lighted by this process; and being non-explosive it is perfectly safe.

Scarcely any invention could be more beneficent, or more worthy of universal adoption, than one which would effectually obviate the risks that now attend the use of steam-power. The terrible accidents that so frequently result from boiler-explosions make this a matter of public interest. Consequently our readers will be glad to know something of a new appliance called the Steam-locked Automatic Safety Valve, the practical working of which was recently exhibited in the machine foundry of Messrs. Merrick & Sons of Philadelphia. The valve attached to the boiler on this occasion was adjusted to a 60-pounds pressure—that is, when that maximum of pressure was reached the valve should open and allow the steam to escape. Great curiosity was exhibited by the spectators as to whether the instrument would vindicate its claims; but when the gauge marked exactly *sixty* there was a shrill blast from the valve. This "valve" is self-acting—so arranged that it is wholly independent of the agency of an engineer, who may forget himself, fall asleep, or be away from his post; the pressure in the boiler can not rise above the limit for which it is adjusted. The valve is compact, and can readily be attached to the boilers of any kind of steam-engine. If special tests prove this appliance to be what it now promises, it will meet a great public want.

A Maine man obtained, a few weeks since, a pair of fowls in Massachusetts styled Magenta, from their beautiful Magenta-colored plumage. They were universally admired, and the lucky owner engaged to sell more eggs than his handsome "biddy" could possibly have laid in a lifetime. Unfortunately the pretty pair were exposed to the damp weather, and got thoroughly wet, when the Magenta disappeared, leaving nothing but a pair of common white barn-yard fowls.

One year ago—so it is stated on good authority—a certain church in Illinois had been reduced by death, removal, and sacrifice in the army, to *six female* members. Four *men* wished to join. How should they get in? Should they form a new organization and take the ladies in with them? In that case they would forfeit the two best lots in the town. The only way was for *the church* to vote to receive them, and so the six voted to receive the four, and then put in their $100 on hand of society money as the first subscription for a house of worship, adding afterward $200 for the furniture, which is of the most substantial kind.

A French journal records a remarkable case of transfusion of blood. A young man who had been poisoned by carbonic acid, was found lying insensible on the floor of his room. Artificial respiration was resorted to, and by perseverance breathing was restored and the pulse returned; but two hours later the patient relapsed into a state bordering on death. Transfusion of blood was then recommended, and the effect produced was astonishing; the pulse rose at once, breathing became more regular, the eyes opened, and after a few minutes the patient was enabled to drink a little water. His state continued precarious for upward of nine hours, after which he speedily recovered.

The Ramie plant, a new substitute for cotton, is said to be largely engaging the attention of Southern planters, who are entering upon its cultivation with enthusiasm. It was brought originally from the Island of Java, and has been domesticated in Mexico, where it grows finely. Its fibre closely resembles the best Sea-Island cotton. According to Southern papers it has been demonstrated that this plant can be easily cultivated at the South; that its fibre is as strong and fine as that of flax or cotton; that it may be made, in the climate of Louisiana, to yield four crops a year, each crop of more pounds to the acre than in any ordinary yield of cotton; that it is not liable to be destroyed by the caterpillar; and that it requires but little labor to cultivate it after the ground is prepared. The Commissioner of Agriculture at Washington has examined specimens of cloth made from the Ramie fibre, and reports that they indicate that superior goods can be manufactured from it.

Parties desiring to become all in all to each other would do well to ascertain whether there is any obvious obstacle *before* the marriage ceremony is commenced. An expected wedding came to an abrupt termination a few weeks since, in consequence of the prospective bride putting in a stipulation that the to-be-bridegroom should thenceforth eschew his cigar. The young man very absurdly replied that he could get along very much more comfortably without a wife than he could without his weed, and consequently the proposed marriage "ended in smoke." In this connection we may quote the advice which an Albany editor gives his readers: "If you want to keep poor, buy two glasses of ale every day at five cents each, amounting in one year to $36 50; smoke three cigars, one after each meal, counting up in the course of the year to $94 45; and keep a big dog."

A very pertinent question it was which a wise elder put to a certain young man who insisted, in spite of many apparently providential indications to the contrary, that he had a call to preach—"Hast thou noticed whether people seem to have a call to hear thee?"

An Indiana gentleman placed his pocket-book for safe-keeping in the hands of his "better half," and she carefully put it in the oven of the stove for safety. The husband, who—be it said to his discredit—was out late at night, returned to his home half-frozen, and not thinking that the careful wife had made a safe of the cook-stove, at once kindled a fire, and so effectually baked the funds that further use of them was out of the question.

A gang of youthful house-breakers, thirteen in number, have been ravaging the summer residences in Newport. The youngest of this band is a lad of ten years. The house of a gentleman who is abroad has been made the rendezvous, where they slept and ate, and collected together the spoils they plundered in the vicinity. Every room in the house bore evidence of wanton mischief, and some valued family portraits were found grossly mutilated when the police first discovered their retreat. A large proportion of the band have been arrested.

Dogs seem to have been largely introduced into some parts of Belgium as an article of food, though in a more unostentatious manner than horses have been into France. So many dogs have latterly disappeared in Antwerp that some special investigation was made. Two persons were apprehended who confessed that within the year they had stolen some two hundred dogs, the skins of which, sold to toy-makers, went for the manufacture of children's drums; the grease made excellent pomade; and the carcasses were passed through the sausage-making machines.

A very unique illustration is credited to a certain reverend gentleman: "The Scriptures," said he, "may be compared to woman's hair, which is twisted and turned into many forms and fashions, each one arranging hers in the mode which she thinks most becoming. In like manner the Scriptures are twisted and turned by the different sects, though they are a unit in their character, and admit of but one true interpretation. There may be false hair, so there are false prophets and false interpreters of the Sacred Word."

Paris—like other large cities—abounds in misers. They do not all hide away their gold in bags, nor do all of them live upon crusts. Some of them own houses, which they let furnished in suits of apartments. Lately a literary man came to such a miser for a floor.

"What is your business?" inquired the landlord.

"A literary man."

"Well, that sort of thing don't make much noise or shake the foundations. And you are absent all day?"

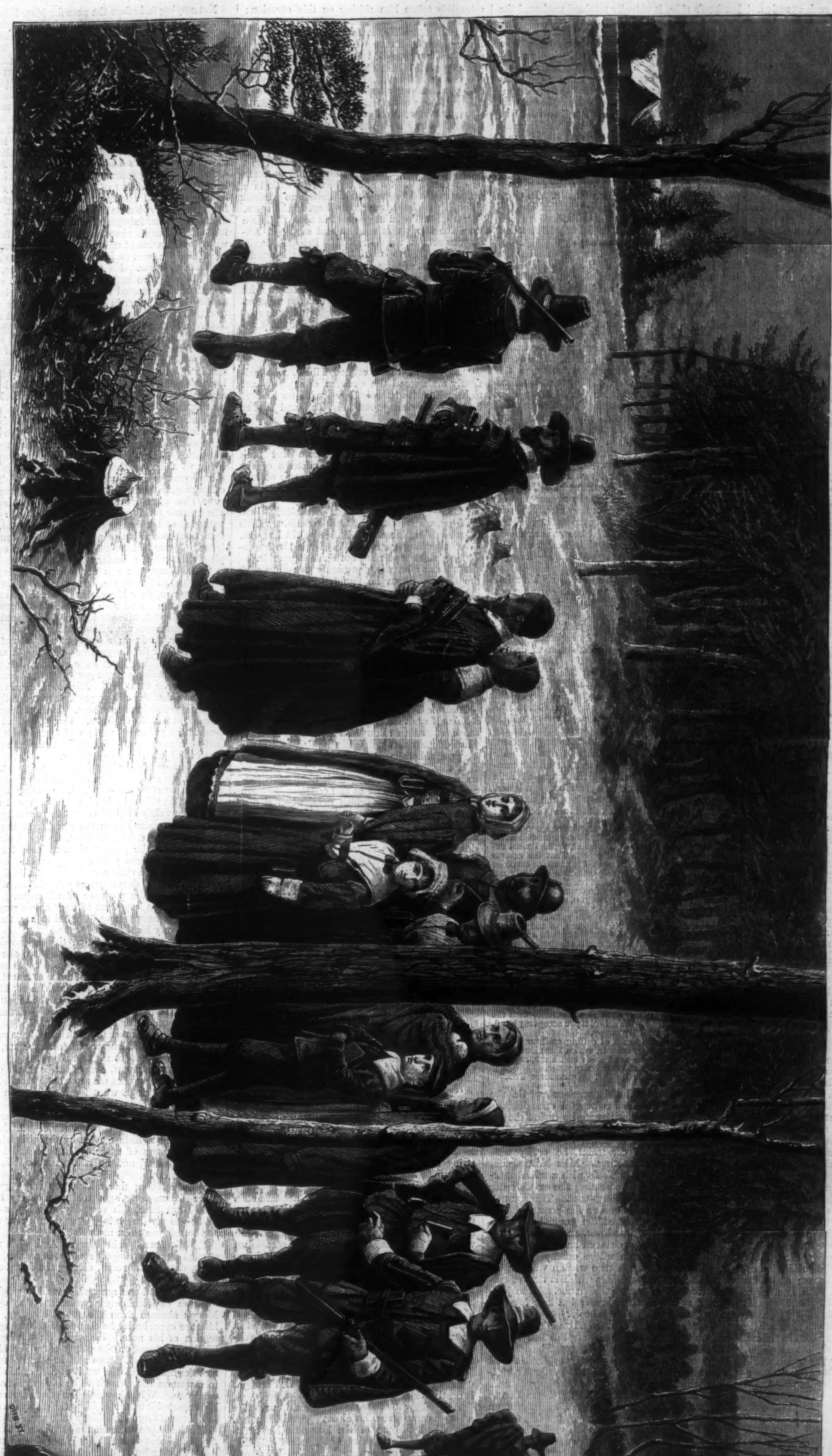
"On the contrary, I never go out."

"Can't let you have the place then."

"And why not?"

"Because you fellows who stay at home all day wear out the furniture."

CHARITY—A SCENE IN TRINITY CHURCH, NEW YORK.—[Drawn by W. D. Washington.]



NEW ENGLAND PURITANS GOING TO CHURCH.—[Photographed by Goupil & Co., from the Painting by George H. Boughton.]

## BOUGHTON'S PURITANS.

We give on this page an engraving of the painting of "New England Puritans going to Church," by George H. Boughton, an American artist of great and recognized ability, now resident in London. The original of this admirable work was lately purchased in London by Mr. Samuel P. Avery, and was for some time exhibited in his Fine Art Gallery, No. 82 Fifth Avenue. It is now in possession of Mr. R. L. Stuart, by whose permission the copy here presented is made.

The scene depicted by the artist has been graphically described in Bartlett's "History of the Pilgrim Fathers," an extract from which originally suggested the painting; but all historians unite in representing that the religious services of the early Puritans were conducted under such circumstances of danger as are indicated in the painting. The procession to the church was invariably headed and guarded in those days by armed men, and while the majority of the congregation worshiped with their arms at their sides, others stood as sentinels around the church.

## THE ACTIVE BORE.

Bores may be divided into two classes — the active and passive — those who bore you by active stupidity or supernatural intelligence, and those who produce an equally exasperating effect by passive idiocy, and merely constitute themselves your echoes. It is difficult to say which carries off the palm, which bores you most; for, although acting in widely different ways, they produce precisely similar results. The active bore is a terrible person. He goes about seeking whom he may devour, and he is capable of clinging to a victim till complete mental prostration supervenes. He may either be a man of fair intelligence, or he may be an ass. If he has any brains they are probably devoted to some hobby, about which no one else in the world can be expected to manifest the slightest interest. It may be scientific, it may be religious; he may be meditating an attack on your soul, or only desirous of involving you in a chaos of chemical formulæ. Or he may have traveled a good deal; and the bore who has traveled is like the Scotch snob, "than which," as the great historian of snobs says, "the world contains no more offensive creature." The traveled bore will give you page after page of the guide-books, interspersed with his own reflections, till you are ready to execrate the abominable activity which caused him to leave his ancestral halls. It is given to but few people who travel to have any thing worth hearing to say about the places they have visited; for the faculty of judging foreign nations fairly is very rare; how rare we can see from the French representations of English women. The active bore may also be facetious, and it is impossible to conceive any infliction greater than that of the society of a man who is what jest-books call "a wag," or a "witty fellow." Jokes are very well in their way, but a perpetual joker is an unutterable bore. It makes no difference whether he be what he is pleased to call humorous, or whether he affects verbal contortions, and puns borrowed from the last burlesque. He is unendurable in any case, and it is the duty of any man or woman who possesses the power to put him down and extinguish him with all possible speed. Even a good joke may be heard too often, but the repetition of a bad one, such as the thorough-paced facetious bore delights in, is almost too much for human nature to endure. He will repeat it, too, with a gusto that, at the outset, nearly persuades you that you are going to hear something new. You are politely

attentive. You encourage him by such attention. And then comes the stale, old, stupid story that you have heard a hundred times before, and the exclamation that you mutter under your breath is certainly not a blessing. The political bore, who, perhaps, ought to have come first, is another very exasperating member of the fraternity. His opinions are of the haziest description, but they are supported by a quantity of voluble declamation, and what he flatters himself is argument. He deals solely in magnificent generalities, in sweeping assertions. Nobody's view but his own can possibly be right, and it therefore behooves him to air that view whenever an opportunity occurs. His phrases are picked out of elocution books and vivacious leaders in the penny papers. He is ordinarily a radical, with an intense desire to reform every body and every thing but himself. That reform he is very slow to accomplish; and he will most likely end as he began, a spouter of stale and generally incoherent sedition. He is great at clubs, where quiet men avoid him, and wish they could keep all the newspapers out of his way. And in these days, unfortunately, this species of bore is somewhat on the increase, and has more opportunities of asserting himself and of boring people than heretofore. He is a dangerous specimen of the active bore, and as such to be carefully snubbed whenever such snubbing is possible.

## THE LOVES OF ANDREW TOD.

WHEN Andrew Tod was young he was not bad-looking; when Andrew Tod courted pretty Mary M'Ara, the most ill-natured friends and unneighborly neighbors allowed that they were as well-matched a lad and lassie as ever made up their minds to go to kirk together. But when Andrew Tod, conjointly with his sister Letty, came in for the property of their parent deceased, the respected Baillie Tod, it was very soon observed that the hard though handsome features of young Andrew got daily harder and by no means handsomer; that, indeed, his face was strikingly indicative of a disposition to be hard rather than handsome in his dealings with men.

With her great-aunt, Elizabeth Pringle, spinster, aged 59, a very prim and very sour virgin, lived the bright, tender-hearted, sweet-faced Mary M'Ara. There was no design, I verily believe, in the breast of the old maid, to treat with cruelty the poor dependent. But there is cruelty which is not that of design; and there were never truer words than those which live in poet's verse—"Evil is wrought from want of thought, more than from want of heart." If Miss Pringle had set herself ingeniously to devise a life of wretchedness for the beautiful girl who served her as a handmaiden, and took the scoldings without the wages of servitude, I don't think the old lady would have been clever enough to have attained a more complete result than that which her purposeless oppression brought about.

Among those who, in their wisdom, so mistook the nature of Miss Pringle's petulant tyranny was the sharp-sighted—but also narrow-sighted—Andrew Tod. On his supposed acquaintance with the feelings of the elder woman, he began to shape his own course with regard to the younger. Should he marry her? He had gone far, but had not committed himself to any engagement. Mary would inherit the fortune of her protectress, if Miss Pringle were to die intestate; and even should she make a will, as matters then stood, it might not improbably be in Mary's favor. On the other hand, a very little might induce the rich old maid—Miss Pringle could not be worth less than ten or twelve thousand pounds—to leave her money away from a girl for whom she appeared to have no spark of affection. Why should not he, Andrew Tod, make a bold stroke, and secure at once the old woman's wealth by—it was not a pleasant thought, but younger men had wooed more ancient dames than Betty Pringle. He would be scoffed at by many, contemned by a few; but, in the event of success, could he not well afford to put up with some considerable amount of obloquy? He must begin with caution; feel his way securely, step by step; and be very careful to leave the ground behind him open for a retreat, in case of failure. A difficult game, doubtless! Without generalship, without the nicest manœuvring, a perilous game—without courage and determination a losing game. To strike boldly and at the same time warily; to push forward and all the while be thinking how it were easiest, in case of defeat, to retire upon the first position, would demand his utmost skill. But he would venture; yes, he would venture.

Delicacy, which stood little in the way of Andrew's plans, had not stood in the way of his employing David Kirn, his sister's rejected suitor, in the publishing branch of the business. David was a scholar, a patient and laborious workman in the craft of letters, and, though rather a dull author, a very good critic. Tod's house had for a full century been famous for the publication of topographical and antiquarian books; and Kirn was an unfailing authority in such lore. His plodding habits, wide erudition, and special knowledge made him invaluable as a reader or "taster" of manuscripts, and also as a reviser for the press. He was a hardy, rawboned student, who could live on a Highland shepherd's wages, or on less than half the weekly pay which would to a cockney imply hopeless debt or certain starvation. As little as would suffice to keep David Kirn's spirit and body together, and a whole coat on his back, thus little did he get by working for Andrew Tod. Thought of Letty had long gone by. It was a dead love. Just as much as if she herself were dead.

Rebecca Duckett, as well as being forty-three and a widow, was fat and was fair. Her skin was without a wrinkle; for the pair of dimples in her cheeks had not as yet elongated out of their original character; and as for a third dimple, on Mrs. Duckett's chin, it actually retained unaltered the juvenile rotundity of long ago. Mrs. Duckett had married young and had left her native place, not to return until a woman of forty and a widow. She had been half over the world with her husband, a surgeon in a Highland regiment; and, having a settlement more than thrice the value of her pension, was in very comfortable circumstances. Her husband, too, had left her money enough to buy the pretty cottage in which she was born—a cottage as rosy and smiling and pleasant as herself. This cheerful abode was a mile out of the town. Mrs. Duckett lived, therefore, "out of the world," as inhabitants of the High Street and the Market Square were wont to observe: and she was, moreover, an alien by long residence in regions yet more remote. In point of fact, her return to that neighborhood had befallen at a time when the general talk of Andrew Tod's supposed engagement to Mary M'Ara had ceased; when Andrew's career as a prosperous burgess had begun; and when people even who still regarded the match as "on" were checked in their open discussion of the affair by those puzzling symptoms which nobody at first likes to notice, but which so very often indicate the coming announcement that a match is "off."

Mrs. Duckett was, I venture to say, entirely innocent of the knowledge that there had ever been any thing seriously indicative of matrimony between Mr. Tod and Miss M'Ara. She would have been the very woman to encourage the courtship; for, like every good soul at her time of life—every good feminine soul, I mean—she was always ready at a moment's notice to take up the part of match-maker. But she knew nothing about this particular matter; or, if any thing, only just enough to incline her to the belief that there had been some faint kind of flirtation, and that it had fallen to the ground. Andrew Tod, the handsome, found favor in the sight of Mrs. Duckett; and Andrew Tod, the hard, relaxed, at all events, the appearance of hardness in his manner when they met. He was not at all sure that the worldly possessions of Mrs. Duckett were contemptible. She was at all events worth keeping in view; for, should other aims be missed, there was no fear of failure—thought Andrew—in this quarter.

One morning Andrew Tod made up his mind that he would lose no more time in carrying out his tender project in regard to Miss Betty Pringle. So, taking advantage of a small order for stationery and sealing-wax, he packed up the parcel himself, and informed his assistant behind the counter that it was his intention to deliver the goods with his own hand.

In making up his mind that this day must be the very day of his paying suit to Miss Betty Pringle, Andrew Tod awkwardly bethought him that he had omitted entirely the little attentions which usually forerun a proposal of marriage. Yet the step must be taken—*must*, because the force of his will was just sufficient to impel action, without rising to the necessity of control. He could resolve, but he could not govern his resolution. So he patched up his wretched little plans, in a dull, fatuous hurry, and wrote a letter. He purposed leaving the letter and the parcel at the door of the house; and this is what he wrote:

"DEAR MADAM,—You will experience some feeling of surprise, though not, I trust, of a disagreeable kind, in reading the contents of this letter, which I must entreat you to keep an entire secret. That the esteem I have always had for you should lead me to consider your lonely and unprotected position is certainly not astonishing; at least, I can not imagine its being so; but I fear that the too probable opinion of the world may to some extent be shared by you, and that you will, as I have said, be surprised by my avowal of a wish to share my worldly fortunes with you, in the bonds of matrimony. Think, dear Madam, of the motives which, prudential though I admit them in a measure to be, are yet entitled to the credit of sincere and disinterested good-will. My means, though I can not pretend that they would offer any material addition to the comforts insured you by an ample independence, are such as to warrant my undertaking that, as my wife, and as the mistress of my home, you will enjoy a more pleasantly varied existence, from day to day, than you are now able to attain. In short, dear Madam, I offer you my devotion as a husband, with the earnest wish and determination, if you accept my hand, to make you thoroughly happy.

"I shall have the honor of calling an hour or two hence, to receive your answer, which I anxiously presume to hope will be favorable; and I am, my dear Madam, unalterably and devotedly yours,

"ANDREW TOD."

Having concocted this precious epistle the writer sped forth on his hopeful errand. As he skirted the Market Square he espied the reproachful vision of his former love, Mary M'Ara, and, mastering his emotions without any tremendous effort of constraint, he coolly contrived to avoid a meeting. Miss M'Ara was, indeed, on her way to Tod's with a trivial message from her aunt, respecting the small order for stationery and sealing-wax. The journey was not an agreeable one to the poor girl, who had long since perceived the gradual estrangement of her some-time lover, and, to say truth, would have wearily welcomed an opportunity of breaking with a man whose cruelty was of so very mean a sort. A true woman will forgive any thing but the coldness which is that of calculation, not of mere indifference. Even jealousy may end in forgiveness; but how is a girl to be jealous of a banker's book?

On went Andrew Tod, to call on Miss Pringle; and on went Mary M'Ara, to call at Tod's. Letitia Tod was directing the general business in her brother's absence; and it was Letitia Tod who attended in person to that particular business which was the mission of Mary M'Ara. More frigid and repellant than usual was Letitia this morning; and when she disclosed, in an awkward and hesitating manner, the fact of Andrew's having journeyed forth to visit Miss Pringle, Mary could scarce help starting, and was conscious of the color flying from her cheeks. It was many a day since Andrew Tod had set foot within her great-aunt's doors; and it never had been his wont to visit there in the hours of business. To be sure, it was business that had ostensibly taken him thither on this occasion; but there was something strange in his acting the part of light-porter, something stranger yet in the embarrassed tone of Letitia Tod. Mary could not have guessed the real motive of that journey which Andrew had taken; nor do I suppose he had confided it to his sister Letitia; and yet both women felt that the visit had certainly nothing to do with a courtship that stood somewhat in need of renewal or definite repudiation. Mary hastened to get through her trifling business in Tod's shop that she might escape a meeting with the worthy stationer; and when she was outside the door her first thought was the risk of encountering him either at home or on the way. So she resolved to walk in a different direction, and treat herself to a stroll through the pleasant meadows beyond the town.

"Oh, Mr. Tod, I'm glad ye hae come!" These were the words that greeted and surprised Andrew as soon as the door of Miss Pringle's dwelling was opened to him. They were the words, however, not of Miss Pringle, but of Miss Pringle's domestic, Tibbie; and their suddenness, as well as the voice of alarm and excitement with which they were spoken, disturbed the mind of Andrew Tod, who was in a highly nervous condition, and quite ready to be startled by any unlooked-for occurrence.

"What's—what's the matter with the woman?" gasped Andrew.

"Matter wi' her!" echoed Tibbie, who evidently understood the question as applying not to herself but to her mistress. "Matter wi' her! Step intil the sitting-room, Mr. Tod, and jest see for yoursel'."

Andrew Tod paused irresolutely for a few seconds, and then entered the little parlor indicated by the frightened Tibbie. There had been enough to frighten her. The mistress of the house had fallen in a fit; and there was no help at Tibbie's call, until the unexpected visitor had opportunely knocked at the door.

"I'll—I'll run for Doctor Nicholson," said Andrew, when he saw the terrible truth. "This is an awfu' business. Hold her up till I return. I'll not be long gone, and I'll leave the house-door to, so that ye need not come to open it."

And away he went, presently to return with the doctor, whom he found, by good hap, at home.

It was a serious case, as Doctor Nicholson need hardly have told them. Miss Mary not returning so soon as Tibbie expected, that faithful attendant summoned feminine aid, and got the afflicted lady into bed. In a short time Miss Pringle regained her consciousness; but she was partially paralyzed, and the doctor looked very grave when he left the house, promising to come back in an hour.

Andrew Tod, astounded and perhaps a little ashamed, went his way homeward, with his wits too confused to allow him then to revise his plans of matrimony. When he had told his tidings, and had heard casually in return from Letitia that Mary had called while he was away, an uncomfortable feeling took hold upon him, and he was for a time as one conscience-struck. The conscience of a selfish man, when it does strike him through his selfishness, strikes pretty hard. With the thought that he had lost Mary came the thought that she must have begun to despise him. The blow to his self-interest was aggravated by the completeness of his humiliation. The well-balanced mind of Letitia Tod was incapable of comprehending her brother's discomfiture. She was surprised, scarcely startled, certainly not dismayed, by the tidings he gave her of Miss Betty Pringle. In less than half an hour after hearing his story to the end, Letitia told Andrew of a letter having come in his absence, and she calmly placed the missive, which was addressed to him, in his unconscious hand. Seeing that he was too bewildered to notice what he held, she took the letter back again and asked,

"Shall I read it?"

"Ay; do, do;" said Andrew. "My nerves are terribly shaken by this business."

"It comes fra Mistress Duckett," said Letitia; and as she made the statement Andrew became rather more attentive.

"What's it about?" asked he.

"It's an eenveetation for you and me to a small party at her house next Thursday evening. She's a nice body, and we shall go, of course. Am I to answer the note, and say so?"

"Oh yes, certainly," said Andrew, who began to think again of the comely widow as a possible string to his bow. The thought, as I have already intimated, was not entirely new to him. Mrs. Duckett was tolerably well off. She may have unintentionally deceived her acquaintance into the belief that she was really a rich woman, for she had traveled, and had learned the economic graces of social life, and habitually made a very good appearance at a very frugal cost. But at any rate, she lived well, stinted herself in no comforts, indulged modestly in a few luxuries, and steadily paid her way. A woman, this, not to be rashly slighted by Tods or persons of the Tod way of thinking.

"When you've written your note, Letty, I'll just look over it, please. Then I can put it in an envelope and address it in my own handwriting. It will be like both of us sending an answer."

And so Miss Tod, with the promptitude of a woman of business, wrote the reply, and brought it neatly folded to her brother.

As Andrew took the document, a thought like a spasm came across his already perturbed mind. What had become of the letter he had written for poor Betty Pringle? He had laid that wretched piece of penmanship, sealed and directed, together with the parcel of stationery and sealing-wax, on a side-table in the invalid's parlor; and there he had left them—miserable man that he was!

Not staying to inclose the note for Mrs. Duckett, and to pen her direction on the cover, Andrew seized his hat, and hastily intimated a sudden and, till then, forgotten call of duty. The folded note itself, just as it had been handed to him by his sister, he thrust in a breast-pocket of his coat; and away he started to reclaim if possible the other and far more important manifesto.

When Mary reached home she was greatly pained and alarmed by the tidings of what had happened so soon after she had left her aunt apparently well. But the panic passed away in a minute, and she was soon busying herself about the poor paralytic's bedside. Meanwhile, Andrew Tod, having recovered the shock dealt him by the painful incident of his morning call, and having sustained another shock almost as great in the discovery that he had left a document, of the most delicate importance, in a situation where it might be found and scrutinized by persons from whose eyes he would most especially have sought to withhold it, was on his way once again to the house of sickness. He expected, this time, to find Mary M'Ara at home; and therefore was not more disconcerted than he might have been at meeting her, say, in his own shop, or in the town, with the dread hanging over him that she had read that unfortunate letter.

Mary had left her aunt for a short while, and was in the sitting-room on the ground-floor of the house—the same room that poor Miss Pringle was in when she fell in her fit—as Andrew again knocked at the door. Tibbie opened it to him, and gave his name to Miss M'Ara, who desired that he might enter.

Nervously glancing at the side-table, Andrew saw, to his indescribable relief, that the note addressed by him to Miss Pringle was still lying on the little parcel of stationery. Courage entered his heart as he saw that he was in time to achieve the purpose of his almost desperate visit. The courage gave him what he needed, composure; gave him what he seldom lacked, craftiness. His manner to Mary was at once subdued, sympathetic, and affectionately familiar—suited, in fact, to the occasion of a lover's visit of condolence. Never had Andrew felt himself so completely master of a tender situation.

"Oh, Mary, you can not think how this sad business has affected me. It was so long since I had seen you, dear Mary, that I resolved to come this morning. And then the terrible occurrence which I almost witnessed from the beginning! How is your aunt now, Mary dearest?"

"Better, Andrew; a little better; but not out of peril. Her life hangs, Doctor Nicholson says, on a thread. We must have other advice, and with the best that we can get I fear her faculties will never be restored." Miss M'Ara said this in a tone that did not respond very cordially to Andrew's affectionate address. He could hardly wonder at a little coldness. Really he had not treated the girl at all well; and even if she had had no cause of complaint against him, the time was out of joint for love-making.

"It is a very sad visitation, Mary dearest. I thought, we all thought, poor Miss Pringle's constitution so strong and sound. Coming unexpectedly, as this terrible illness has come, I suppose her worldly affairs have not been arranged."

"If you mean to ask me whether or not my aunt has made a will, Andrew, though I should have thought the present time unfitted for the topic, I will relieve your anxiety on that score. It is rather more than a week since Mr. M'Clack drew up such a document as you hint at, which she signed in the presence of witnesses. If I have ever been impatient of poor aunt's ways, I hope I have never seemed unkind to her, for she has been very kind to me."

Andrew wisely interpreted this acknowledgment of Miss Pringle's "kindness" in the one only sense that a man of the world could reconcile with any complacent reference to a will.

"I do, indeed, agree with you, dearest Mary, that this is not the time to talk of such matters; let us therefore dismiss the subject"—virtuously and magnanimously spake Andrew.

"You have no other to speak upon, have you?" she said. "I ask, because, if you have not, you will let me go now to my aunt."

"Stay one moment, Mary dear," said the over-bold Andrew. "Let me say what I should have said this morning; what I came hither on purpose to say."

"What is it?" Mary asked, with strangely mingled wonder and indifference. Andrew's courage was a little dashed by the girl's almost weary coldness of speech. But he had hoodwinked himself, and he still went on, blind to consequences.

"This, Mary; this, which you might guess. Have I not, long ago, told you of my love? Was I not here, this very day, to tell you of it again—to say that it is greater than it ever was; and to ask you to be my wife?"

"Wait here," said Mary. And with these strange words, strangely spoken, in a calm, clear voice, she left the room, closing the door behind her.

Andrew Tod was amazed, as well he might be by such unprecedented treatment of a wooer. Mary's absence from the room, however, gave him the opportunity he desired of regaining possession of his note. He seized it; but horror! his fingers closed on the empty cover in which it had been inclosed. The seal had been broken, and the note itself, the written offer of his hand to a woman old enough to be his grandmother, was gone. While he stood like one in a peculiarly disagreeable trance, holding the empty envelope in his trembling hand, Mary returned.

She had been to fetch the note: only to fetch the note—that was all! "Is not *this* what you came for, Andrew Tod?" she said, scornfully.

"You opened the letter?" said he, not angrily nor with very distinct knowledge of what he was saying.

"I opened it by an accident," she replied.

"It accompanied a parcel, and I thought it was the account; but I should in any case have opened a letter addressed to my aunt, while she is prevented by severe illness from attending to correspondence of all kinds. Take the letter, Andrew Tod—take it, you pitiable man; and go."

She held the folded paper out toward him, and he took it mechanically and unconsciously, slipped it in the breast-pocket of his coat, and turned to go. "Will you not forgive me in time, Mary?" he said, faintly, as he reached the outer door.

"Never, if by forgiveness you mean the renewal of our engagement," she said, after a pause which seemed to give her answer emphasis and decision.

He spoke no more, but went. "There must be some evil spirit," he thought, as he walked nervelessly along, "who busies himself solely in tempting men to write their own judgments, which may rise against them, perhaps many years after, perhaps to-morrow, perhaps to-day. Why could I not have refrained from writing this wretched letter?"

He drew the folded sheet of note-paper from his pocket and tore it in fragments, which he scattered idly bit by bit.

Miss Tod, having no cognizance of her brother's vexations, kept the even tenor of her frigid self-collection, and spoke to him on indifferent matters when he was once again sitting in his little room, half counting-house, half parlor. By-the-by, had he sent her note as he had promised?

"What note?" asked Andrew.

"Why, the answer to Mrs. Duckett's conveetation, to be sure," said Letty. "Didn't you say that you would inclose and direct it in your own handwriting?"

"Yes, of course," Andrew replied. "But I was occupied with more important business, and forgot all about Mrs. Duckett's party."

"Well, have you the note in your desk or in your pocket now? You're not doing any thing, and might get this matter out of hand, or it will be lost sight of entirely, and that would be hardly ceevil."

Andrew said no more, but, taking the folded note from his breast-pocket, slipped it into a cover, sealed and addressed the billet, and handed it without a word to his sister, who straightway dispatched a messenger with it to Mrs. Duckett.

Three months after date of the foregoing narrative of events Miss Mary M'Ara, looking not less pretty in black than in any other wear, sat in a bay-window of Mrs. Duckett's rose-embowered dwelling, and conversed with Mrs. Duckett, or rather listened to what Mrs. Duckett had to say.

"I thought at the time, my dear, the man was mad. What else could I think? Here's his ridiculous letter, which I have kept ever since in my work-basket. I was expecting a mere answer to an invitation, and imagine my utter amazement, Mary, when I read such stuff as this: 'My dear Madam, you will experience some feeling of surpris—' Surprise indeed! I should think so! 'Lonely and unprotected position;' 'opinion of the world;' 'share my worldly fortunes with you in the bonds of matrimony.' All this was rather cool for a declaration, wasn't it, Mary? But when the wretch came to his confession of 'prudential motives,' I could stand it no longer. A love-letter without a word of love in it was bad enough, you know. For I am not a Gorgon, Mary dear, nor a Medusa, if Medusa was ugly, though I forget whether she was or wasn't. But the notion of marrying me for my money was rather too much; and so I instantly wrote back to Mr. Andrew Tod and told him that I must decline the honor of his visit 'an hour or two hence,' or at any future time. Of course I see now that the whole thing was a mistake of that wicked man's, and that he never meant the letter for me. I suppose your guess is the right one, and that he somehow jumbled the two notes together, perhaps destroyed the one he had written in reply to my invitation for him and his sister, and sent me this rubbish I now hold in my hand. I should have put off the party on account of your aunt's death, my dear; but, honestly, my principal motive in doing so was the wish to avoid all embarrassment with regard to those Tods. And only think of the meanness of that creature, who has never attempted to explain how it was that a letter signed by him, and evidently not intended for me, came to be sent here. I wonder how he got through the story to his sister; for some story, of course, he must have told her. And you are sure, are you, Mary dear, that this is the identical letter which that base fellow of a sweet-heart of yours—a pretty sweet-heart indeed!—left for your poor aunt the morning of her dreadfully sudden attack? You opened it, thinking it related to some matter of business, eh? A small matter of business it was, too! You did quite right, my love, to let him go on till he was caught in his own trap. How I should have liked to see him take the note back again! You saw him put it in his pocket, did you not? Yes, I thought so. He was in a rather confused state of mind, Mary, we may be quite sure, and didn't know whether he was standing on that tolerably good-looking head of his or on his cloven feet. Well, and then he went away, did he? Ah, poor man! He had had quite enough to turn his wicked brain that morning, and so that's how it was he sent me the wrong letter—the same that he left at your house, and that you returned to him. And do you know, Mary, on that very same day I saw you shake hands and part from David Kirn, not fifty steps from this window, dear? There, don't blush so. Had you been taking a very long walk together? Oh, don't tell me. I know you liked him a little, just a little, before you gave the word 'Right about face—quick march' to Andrew Tod. He's a good man, is David, and as clever as he is good. I've been trying to read that long article of his in the *Edinburgh Review*, that has made so much talk, and has won so much praise; and though it gives me the headache, I will understand something about it before I give it up, that I'm determined. What a jump for him, wasn't it, to go from Tod's to edit a first-class English newspaper? I hope London won't spoil him, Mary, and make him forget us, eh? He's reading for the bar, too, is he not? Why do I ask? Don't I know he is, and that nothing would persuade him to accept the help of a trifling loan—just a hundred and fifty or two hundred pounds—to pay his fees? He said he would much rather have a struggle for it. Ah, you may depend on his being the man to win what he sets his heart on; and I'm very glad, my dear, that so honest and brave a heart has been set on winning you."

## MIDDLE AGE.

Just a little dowly I sit alone to-night,
And see on the far horizon's verge the line of a pale gray light,
And hear the mystic music, the deep unceasing roar,
As the restless billows swell and break along the level shore.

Just a little dowly—as I know the hill is turned,
And what of all the glorious things for which my spirit yearned,
While yet the eager footstep sprang along the upward way?—
My dreams lie shivered at my feet, and my hair is turning gray!

Just a little dowly, fool that I am e'en still!
Because all beauty as of yore my heart and eyes can fill;
Because the grandeur of the sea I prize as truly now
As when its breezes blew bright curls from an unwrinkled brow;

Because a high heroic act; because sweet poet-words,
Bright poet-fancies, echo yet back from my spirit-chords;
Because my love is warm and frank; because my pulses hold
Their whilom power—I half forget that I am growing old.

Till, just a little sadly, some trifle brings it all
Sweeping across my sunshine, turning my wine to gall;
And anxious thoughts, and fearful doubts, and yearning sorrows come:
Ah, little fear that Time's stern voice should overlong be dumb!

Just a little dowly—ah, come, my bonnie bairns;
Let Grief, and Loss, and Memory brood o'er their rising cairns!
Creep close to me, my maidens; laugh out, my noble boy!
God spare my flowers, and middle age claims fearlessly her joy.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A "Low Churchman"—The Bishop of *Down!*

A speculator at the West recently wrote to a friend: "When I came to Chicago I had not a rag on my back, and now I am covered with rags."

### TREE-OLOGY.

The young lady likes Firs.
Antiquarians look at Dates.
Conjurors examine the Palm.
Actors are fond of Poplar.
The negro says See-dah.
Gouty people have Ache-corn.
Irishmen say Och!
Marriageable women should not say Man-go.
Dogs' legs should have Paw-paw.
Dandies are very Spruce.
The person reading this, Yew.
Spinsters should have Cotton-wood.
Our cousin has eyes of Hazel.
Lovers have a tenderness for Sigh-press.
School-boys have the Birch.
For the pretty girl up street I Pine.
Physicians like Syc-a-more.
Sewing-machine makers go the Hemlock.
The couple last engaged are a Pear.
If you make potash you want Ash.
The man that robs your chicken-roost is a Lo-cust.
The cobbler is a Su-mack.
The lazy boy is a Sloe.
A woman likes her Will-o-w.

### DESCRIPTION OF TOILETS.

By an Observer.

Miss S., old Smith's daughter, wore a short dress of sorrel poplin, striped with brown gewgaws, with tight-fitting basque, made out of her ma's last winter's cloak. Sleeves of moiré antique to match her highest under-skirt, and bonnet of red oak bark tied with slippery elm strings. She looked a little odd, but, withal, amazingly pretty. Miss H——, alleged to be the wealthiest girl on Sugar Street, wears a black and tan Irish terrier poplin suit, trimmed with bias folds of bombazine, with blue stitching put around the skirts with Spaulding's glue. Short sacque, tight under the arms, and a bonnet of gourd leaves, trimmed with pieces of grape-vine.

There is a "champion baptizer" out West, who dips forty-six person in twenty minutes.

### BABY LETTER.

*By a promising Sprig, just three weeks old.*

Dear old uncle,
I dot oor letter.
My old mammy
She ditten better;
She every day
Little bit stronger,
Don't mean to be sick
Very much longer.
Daddy's so fat
Can't hardly stagger;
Mammy says he jinks
Too much lager!
Dear little baby
Had a bad colic,
Had to take tree drops
Nassy palagolic.
Toot a dose of tatnip,
Felt worse as ever;
Shan't take no more
Tatnip never!
Wind on stomit,
Felt pooty bad,
Worse fit of sickness
Ever I had!
Ever had belly ate,
Ole Uncle Bill!
Taint no fun now,
Say what oo will.
I used to sleep all day,
And cry all night;
Don't do it now,
Cause taint yite.
But I'm growing,
Getting pooty fat,
Gain most two pounds—
Only tink o yat!
Little femnin blankets
Was too big before,
Nurse can't pin me
In em no more.
Skirts so small,
Baby so stout,
Had to let the plaits
In em all out.
Got a head of hair
Jess as black as night,
And big boo eyes
Yat look mighty bright.
My mammy say
Never did see
Any ozzer baby
Half as sweet as me.
Grandma comes often,
Aunt Sarah too;
Baby loves zem,
Baby loves oo.
Baby sends a pooty kiss
To his uncles all,
Aunties and cousins,
Big folks and small.
Can't yite no more,
So good-by,
Bully old uncle,
Wiz a glass eye!

Hard Times.—The young ladies down East complain that the gentlemen are so poor that they can't *pay their addresses.*

What's in a Name?—A paper called the *Egyptian Artery* has been started at Vienna, Illinois. It ought to have a good circulation.

As courtship is a subject thought of in all seasons, we publish the following, gotten off evidently by a chap who knows a thing or two:

Jennie sighed, and Robin squeezed her
Pretty little trembling hand,
Then, with clasping arm he seized her
Half-reluctant form, and—and—

"Loose me!" but he clasped the tighter—
"Jennie, say wilt thou be mine?"
Then her bright face grew much brighter,
And she whispered, "I am thine."

They then clasped each other fondly,
Close together as two bricks,
And they kissed each other fondly,
And—I left them in that fix!

An American was once teaching English to a German, and, on being asked if there were no irregular verbs in the English, replied by giving the following solitary example: "I go, thou wentest, he departed, we made tracks, you cut sticks, they skedaddled." But, in asking for a repetition of it, the German found that it varied every time, and he had at last to give it up in despair.

A country surgeon, who was bald, was visiting a friend's house, whose servant wore a wig. The doctor bantered him for a considerable time, and then said: "You see how bald I am, and yet I don't wear a wig!"

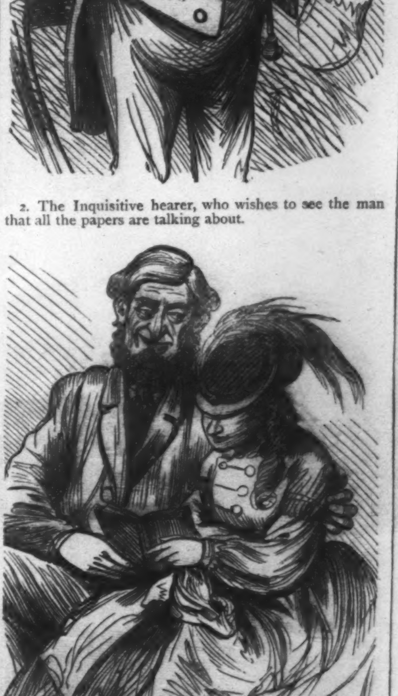
To which the servant replied:

"True, Sir; but an empty barn requires no thatch."

### CHARACTERS AT DICKENS'S READINGS.

1. The Appreciative hearer, determined to show his enthusiasm.

2. The Inquisitive hearer, who wishes to see the man that all the papers are talking about.



3. The Spoony hearers, listening to "Dora and her Doady."

4. The fellow-Author who wonders if he is recognized and read by Mr. D.

5. The Swindled hearer who insists on relating his grievances.

6. The Suggestive hearer—"Why he looks like his own Dick Swiveller!"

A colored man on trial in a Cleveland court, for abuse of his wife, in reply to a question of the Judge as to why he threatened to kill his wife, replied that he "lubbed her as he did his life, but hadn't lived in these parts long enough to learn that that wasn't the way they did here." He paid a fine of three dollars for his want of information on so important a question.

A Holland journal remarks: "This morning the young Louis Van Skelheimer hung himself in his father's house. *His death is attributed to a suicide.*"

A Philadelphia boy has invented a process for the rapid and extensive manufacture of turtle-soup. This is the formula: "Pour a quart of water into a panful of hash."

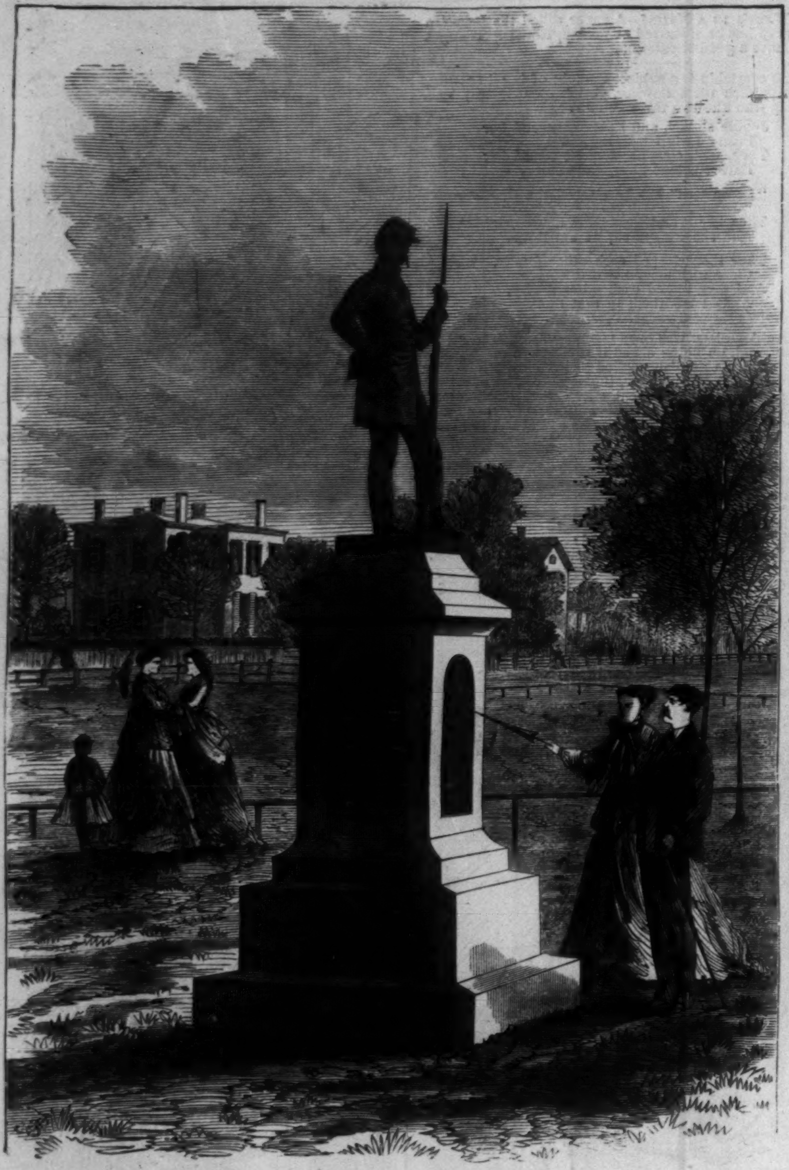
Bertie. "Papa, when I grow up may I be what I like?"

Papa. "Yes, my boy, you may choose your own profession."

Bertie. "Then I'll be a sweep, for I shall never have to wash my face."

"I am astonished, my dear young lady, at your sentiments; you make me start." "Well, Sir, I've been wanting you to start for the last hour."

Dr. Johnson was observed by a musical friend of his to be very inattentive at a concert, while a celebrated solo player was giving an extraordinary performance upon his violin. His friend, to induce him to take greater notice of what was going on, told him how extremely difficult it was. "Difficult, do you call it, Sir?" replied the Doctor; "I wish it were impossible."

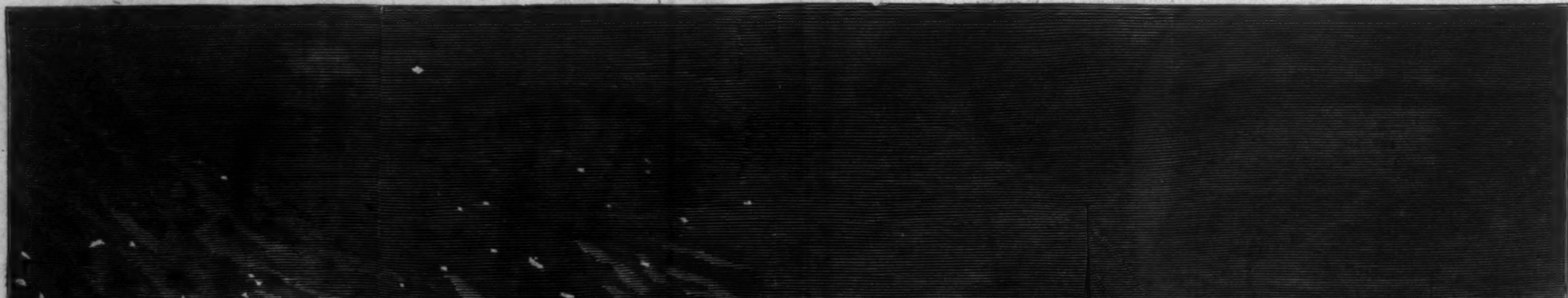


SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AT LEWISTON, MAINE.—[Photographed by Messer & Blake.]

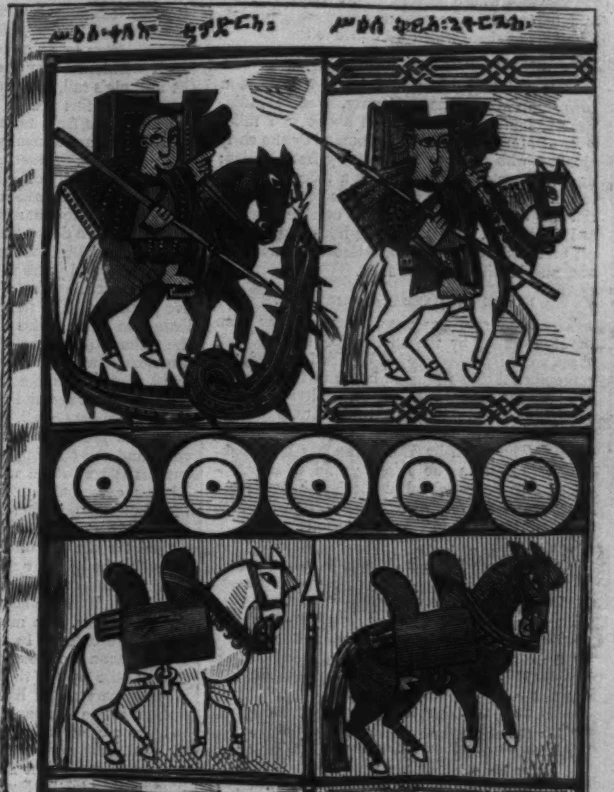
CARDINAL PRINCE LUCIEN BONAPARTE.—[See Page 269.]

## UNION SOLDIERS' MONUMENT.

We give this week an illustration of another of the many monuments by which the people of the North are endeavoring to honor the memory of the soldiers who perished in the war for the Union. The monument at Lewiston, Maine, was inaugurated on February 28, 1868, with great ceremony. It consists of a granite pedestal, eleven feet high, surmounted by a bronze figure of a private soldier, of the height of six feet nine inches. Each of the four sides of the pedestal bears a bronze tablet, upon which are inscribed the names of soldiers from Lewiston who fell in the war. The tablets bear the following superscriptions: "In our Death is Freedom's Victory;" "We lie here in Obedience to the Spirit of Liberty;" "The Republic's Treasure, the Ashes of her Defenders;" "Justice demanded the Sacrifice. We willingly Offered It."



THE LAKE MICHIGAN DISASTER—BURNING OF THE STEAMER "SEA BIRD," April 9, 1868.—Sketched by W. B. Baird.—[See Page 269.]



FAC-SIMILE OF TWO PAGES OF AN ABYSSINIAN BIBLE.

## THE LAKE MICHIGAN DISASTER.

THE opening of lake navigation this year has been made sadly memorable by one of the most frightful disasters ever before recorded. On the morning of April 9 the steamer *Sea Bird* was found to be on fire while at sea, and before the flames could be arrested she was entirely consumed and sunk. Of the more than one hundred passengers and seamen on board only three were saved. Our engraving opposite gives an accurate illustration of the scene.

## CARDINAL LUCIEN BONAPARTE.

IT would appear a strange event in history if St. Peter's chair should be removed to Paris and a BONAPARTE should fill it; but stranger things have happened. It seems that it is a consummation already dreamed of, and that it is not impossible—not improbable, in fact—that the next Pope of Rome may be a BONAPARTE, and that eventually, when the Papal States have been swallowed up by Italy, that this Bonapartean Pope may make his residence in the capital of the only Catholic country of Europe which is able or which evinces a disposition to sustain and support the Papal authority. The Papal temporal power expires, according to the present arrangement, on the death of PIUS IX.; and even France will hardly be able to continue it after that time, however willing. His relationship to the BONAPARTE family will be a strong argument in favor of the newly-made Cardinal, LUCIEN BONAPARTE, in the next Electing Conclave, and LOUIS NAPOLEON will hardly be blind to the advantages which it will give him to have a BONAPARTE in the Papal chair and resident in his own capital. Since the promotion of LUCIEN BONAPARTE, on March 13, to be a Cardinal of Rome, it has been plainly intimated that such was the Napoleonic idea and policy; and the subject has in consequence become one of great interest in Europe. We give on the preceding page a portrait of the new Cardinal and prospective Pope.

The branch of the BONAPARTE family which Prince, now Cardinal, LUCIEN BONAPARTE represents is formed by the fusion of the two lines of JOSEPH, the eldest, and LUCIEN, the youngest, brother of NAPOLEON the Great. His father was the Prince CHARLES BONAPARTE who lived for a number of years in the United States, engaged in scientific pursuits, chiefly ornithological studies. His grandfather on the same side was LUCIEN, NAPOLEON's youngest brother, who figured extensively as a Jacobin before the rise of his brother, as a diplomatist during his reign, and subsequently as a poet and a delver and searcher among Etruscan remains. The mother of the new Cardinal was ZENAIDE CHARLOTTE JULIE, a daughter of JOSEPH BONAPARTE, the eldest brother of NAPOLEON, and king of Spain and Naples.

Cardinal BONAPARTE was born in 1828, and is now just 40 years of age. At the Romish Court he formerly bore the title of His Serene Highness, and in the Church was named one of the Apostolic Prothonotaries. His promotion gives him a seat in the Grand Council of the Romish Church, and a voice in the election of the Pope. Prince BONAPARTE is the second member of his family who has been called upon to wear the purple. The first was Cardinal FESCH, the maternal uncle of NAPOLEON I., who received the Cardinal's hat in 1803, and was one of the principal agents of NAPOLEON and PIUS VII. in the negotiations which resulted in the Concordat of July 15, 1801, and the firm establishment of the Romish religion in France.

This nomination of Prince BONAPARTE increases the number of the French Cardinals of Rome to five, a small but influential portion of the whole College. The College of Cardinals when full consists of six cardinal-bishops, fifty cardinal-priests, and fourteen cardinal-deacons; but at present it is composed of only forty-four cardinal-priests and ten cardinal-deacons. Prince BONAPARTE, though not of the first order, is of the highest rank at present represented in the College, and also one of the youngest, so that he has a fair chance of yet becoming, on the death of PIUS IX., now seventy-six years old, a candidate for his place.

MRS. BARBARA FRIETCHIE'S HOME, FREDERICK, MARYLAND.

## AN ABYSSINIAN BIBLE.

THE British Museum maintains with the English army now operating in Abyssinia several representatives who are engaged in collecting manuscripts and other curiosities, and in making sketches of the country. Among other strange documents forwarded by them is an Abyssinian Bible. We give an engraving from a photograph of two pages of this work. The curious pictures of religious subjects with which these two pages are filled show a very primitive condition of art. One page represents the Creation of Adam and Eve, and the Crucifixion in another compartment. The other exhibits the figures of St. Theodore and of St. George and the Dragon.

## HISTORIC HOUSES.

ALL over the country there are going up every year numerous monuments, like that which we illustrate on the preceding page, designed to commemorate the names of those who fell in the war for the suppression of the rebellion, and which will in time become hallowed and historic structures. There are also extant in various parts of the country a few historic structures of a past age. Unfortunately they are not numerous now, and it is our shame that these few are badly preserved and illy cared for. Each year sees the demolition of or change in some one or more of these buildings, and it is to be feared that many of them will soon entirely disappear. We give in this issue of the *Weekly* engravings of three houses which have an historic interest, and which ought to become more sacred as they decay, but which will doubtless—at least we fear will—share the fate of the Revolutionary houses and

ANCIENT FRIENDS' MEETING-HOUSE AT LOWER MERION, PA.

THADDEUS STEVENS'S DWELLING AND OFFICE, LANCASTER, PENNSYLVANIA.

monuments whose neglect we deprecate in vain, and many of which are already past recovery. The first of these which we notice is the

ANCIENT FRIENDS' MEETING-HOUSE.

This building is located in Lower Merion township, Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, near Columbia Railroad, and about two miles west of Manayunk. It was founded by the early Quakers who came to this country from Wales; and was erected, as appears by a date on a tablet, in 1695. Within a few years past the interior has been repaired, but the outside remains as it was built. This meeting-house is the oldest place of worship in the State of Pennsylvania, and is still in use as such.

HOUSE OF BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

The story of Barbara Frietchie has been made familiar, by the stirring poem of Whittier, to every school-boy in the land. It will be remembered that from the house of this fearless old lady the only Union flag in Frederick, Maryland, was found flying by Stonewall Jackson on his entry into that city in the invasion of 1862. The poem by Whittier has been published in full in the *Weekly*, and is now declaimed in every school at the North, but there are lines in the following passage from it which will be interesting in this connection:

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic-window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast,
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash,
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word;

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet:

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

THADDEUS STEVENS'S DWELLING.

We also give a picture of the residence and law office of the Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, occupied by him while practicing law, and before he entered on his legislative career. The building is still in existence, and is one of the landmarks of Lancaster.

## DAINTY DISHES.

Nothing is more difficult than to induce a man, be he civilized or uncivilized, to eat a new kind of food. This fact has, no doubt, been discovered by the enthusiastic gentlemen who, in imitation of the Paris horse-eating societies, have lately been getting up "horse banquets" in London.

The natives of Japan refuse beef and milk, but eat rats with avidity. Englishmen run to the opposite extreme. The native Australian prefers stale sharks, whale blubber, and earthworms to the white man's simple breakfast of bread and butter, tea or coffee. The negroes of the West Indies surfeit themselves on baked snakes and palm-worms fried in their own fat, but regard with the greatest horror a rabbit stew. The Greenlanders drink train-oil, the Russians eat tallow-candles, the Barotse crocodile steaks, and Doctor Livingstone states that one of his African favorites made a most contented supper one night from two mice and a blue mole. Captain Cook vouches for the excellence of a dog, boiled or roasted. Mr. Buckland ate boa-constrictor, and found its flesh exceedingly white and firm, tasting much like veal. Doctor Shaw says lion's flesh also resembles veal greatly. Doctor Darwin is a great admirer of the puma, the American lion; Doctor Brook found melted bear's grease not only palatable, but delicious; Sir R. Schomburg enjoyed monkey, though, before dissection, it looked disagreeably like roast child; and lastly, Gordon Cumming is loud in the praise of baked elephant's trunk and feet. In Siam, the dried sinews of various animals are a prime luxury, and in China the tongues of fowls and ducks are a high-prized dainty. The Celestials relish, also, the maw and fins of the shark. The Australians rejoice in kangaroo tails, while the trappers of North America are loud in the praise of beaver tails; the Boers of South Africa delight in the fat tails of their sheep, which during the animal's life are dragged about in a hand-cart, and after its death are melted into butter, or made into a delicious stew. The tail of the manatee, or sea-cow, is a staple dish for the table in Honduras, though new settlers do not relish any part of the animal on account of its vivid resemblance to man; the female has hands, and holds its young upon its breast precisely as a human mother would. In Robinson Crusoe's Island many thousands of lobsters are annually taken, whose tails are dried, and exported to Valparaiso to serve on the dinner-tables there.

Feet of animals are generally liked, from the web feet of ducks and geese in Europe, the trotters of sheep and petticoes of pigs in London, and the bears' paws praised by North American hunters, down to, or rather up to, elephants' feet, much desiderated by the Caffre and Bushmen. Ox tail, pig's tail, and sheep's tail are in common use. Shark fins are in such demand for soups in China, that from ten to fifteen thousand hundred-weight are annually exported from various parts of India. Indeed, forty thousand sharks are taken annually off Kurrachee, near Bombay, for their back fins, which are the only ones made use of. In Canton rat soup is thought equal to ox-tail soup, and a dozen fat rats are worth two dollars. The British Indian province of Scinde had been for several years so infested with grain-eating rats that the price of grain had risen twenty-five per cent. The nests of the "Hirundo esculenta," so much praised as a delicious morsel by the Chinese and Cambojans, are worth, in Canton, nearly twice their own weight in silver. The finest white nests are found chiefly in caves on the shores of Java and the adjacent islands. Its color, the most prized, is white, with a red tinge. They are procured from the caves twice every year, and the opening of the caves on these occasions is performed with many singular superstitious ceremonies. About two hundred and fifty thousand pounds weight are brought to Canton itself every year, and the best are sent to the capital for the use of the Celestial court. The English, the great egg-eaters, receive annually from Ireland one hundred and fifty millions of eggs, and from France over one hundred and thirty millions. In many countries the eggs of lizards are eaten. In the West Indies the eggs of the guana are thought a delicacy; and in the Antilles the eggs of the alligator, which are said to taste very much like hens' eggs, which they also resemble in shape. Turtles' eggs are held in great esteem wherever they are found, as well by Europeans as others. They have a very soft shell, and are about the size of a pigeon's egg. The mother turtles lay thrice a year, at intervals of two or three weeks, depositing in one night as many as a hundred at a laying. An experienced eye and hand are required to detect the eggs, as they are always ingeniously covered up with sand; but, when they are hunted, very few escape. The Orinoco Indians obtain from these eggs a kind of clear and sweet oil, which they use instead of butter. In the month of February, when the high waters of the Orinoco have receded, millions of turtles come on shore to deposit their eggs. The certainty and abundance of the harvest is such that it is estimated by the acre. The yearly gathering about the mouth of the river alone is about five thousand jars of oil, and it takes five thousand eggs to make a jar.

At the beginning of the last century turtle was eaten only by the very poor in Jamaica; now, however, calipash, calipee, and green fat are delicacies known only to the rich. A soft-shelled turtle abounding in the bayous of Louisiana is much prized as a table delicacy. Ants are favorite delicacies in many countries. In Africa they stew them with butter. In the East Indies they are caught in pits, carefully roasted, and eaten by mouthfuls afterward, as our children eat candies. In Brazil the largest species are prepared with a sauce of resin.

While lobster is a favorite dainty with Englishmen and Americans, no one ever thinks of eating locusts. Yet to many nations these last form a welcome meal, and all travelers who have tasted them bear witness that they make a savory dish. The chief difference been lobster and locust, considered as an article of diet, is that the first is the foulest feeder known, while the locust, though not dainty, lives chiefly on fresh vegetable substances. While indulging ourselves with filthy lobsters, it is somewhat inconsistent to reproach locust-eaters, nor does it become us to be satirical upon the gentlemen who eat horse and declare it to be palatable and wholesome.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES, AND TAN. The *only reliable Remedy* for those *Brown Discolorations* on the face is PERRY'S MOTH and FRECKLE LOTION. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., New York. ☞ Sold every where.

NOVELS BY CHARLES DICKENS.

ELEGANT LIBRARY EDITIONS
PUBLISHED BY
HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

75 Cents a Volume.

DICKENS'S BLEAK HOUSE.
Library Edition.
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. K. BROWNE.
2 vols., 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

DICKENS'S HARD TIMES.
Library Edition.
12mo, Cloth, 75 cents.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

Harper & Brothers will send the above Works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.

2,000,000 PEOPLE

Have patronized us within the past four years, and we venture to say that no other concern in any business has given more general satisfaction. Cottons, Prints, Dress Patterns, Pant Patterns, Watches, Plated Ware, Cutlery, &c. For 10 cts. a Patent Pen Fountain and a check in our Dollar Sale. Send in your clubs of 30 to 1000 at same rate. Free present to getter-up. Circulars free. EASTMAN & KENDALL, 65 Hanover St., Boston, Mass.

$5 NEW FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. *Simple, rapid, strong, easy, reliable, elegant.* Warranted. Stitch alike on both sides. Double Thread. Awarded *Medals.* Single Machines sent free on receipt of $5. Family Sewing Machine Co., 102 Nassau St., N. Y.

S. T.—1860.—X.

"Blessed be the Man who first invented Sleep," quoth Sancho Panza. Sleep has often been "murdered," not in Macbeth's case only, but in many modern instances, by Indigestion, Nervous Disorders, Headache, and a host of other complaints. For all such there is a remedy, and sufferers may now exclaim, Blessed be the man who invented the

PLANTATION BITTERS!

This delicious Cordial and fine Tonic is now hailed by millions as the great Health-Giver and Restorer. Resolve to buy a bottle, and don't "sleep on it." "Be wise in time."

Magnolia Water—A delightful toilet article—superior to Cologne, and at half the price.

BARTLETT MACHINE and NEEDLE DEPOT, 569 Broadway, N.Y. Needles, &c., for all Machines.

BARTLETT'S Reversible Sewing Machines are the *lowest-priced reliable* Machines. Examine different styles, or send stamp for circular to Depot, 569 Broad'y.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York,

*Have just Ready:*

I.

KRUMMACHER'S DAVID, KING OF ISRAEL. David, the King of Israel: a Portrait drawn from Bible History and the Book of Psalms. By Frederick William Krummacher, D.D., Author of "Elijah the Tishbite," &c. Translated under the express Sanction of the Author by the Rev. M. G. Easton, M.A. With a Letter from Dr. Krummacher to his American Readers, and a Portrait. 12mo, Cloth, $1 75.

II.

WHITE'S MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW. The Massacre of St. Bartholomew: Preceded by a History of the Religious Wars in the Reign of Charles IX. By Henry White, M.A., Ph.D. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $1 75.

III.

HARPER'S PHRASE-BOOK; or, Hand-Book of Travel Talk for Travellers and Schools. Being a Guide to Conversations in English, French, German, and Italian, on a New and Improved Method. Intended to accompany "Harper's Hand-Book for Travellers." By W. Pembroke Fetridge, Author of "Harper's Hand-Book." Assisted by Professors of Heidelberg University. With concise and explicit Rules for the Pronunciation of the different Languages. Square 4to, Flexible Cloth, $1 50.

IV.

MOTLEY'S HISTORY OF THE NETHERLANDS. A History of the United Netherlands: from the Death of William the Silent to the Twelve Years' Truce—1609. By J. Lothrop Motley, D.C.L., Author of "The Rise of the Dutch Republic." Complete in Four Volumes. With Portraits. 8vo, Cloth, $14 00.

V.

BARNES'S THIRTY-NINTH CONGRESS. History of the Thirty-ninth Congress of the United States. By William H. Barnes, M.A., Author of "The Body Politic," &c. With Eighteen Steel Portraits. 8vo, Cloth, $5 00.

VI.

DR. SMITH'S SMALLER HISTORY OF ENGLAND. A Smaller History of England, from the Earliest Times to the Year 1862. Edited by William Smith, LL.D. Illustrated by Engravings on Wood. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00.

*Uniform with Dr. Smith's Smaller Histories of Greece and Rome.*

VII.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S JOURNAL. Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands, from 1848 to 1861. To which are prefixed and added Extracts from the same Journal giving an Account of Earlier Visits to Scotland, and Tours in England and Ireland, and Yachting Excursions. Edited by Arthur Helps. 12mo, Morocco-Cloth, Beveled Edges, $1 75.

*Uniform with Queen Victoria's Memoir of the Prince Consort.*

VIII.

SMILES'S HISTORY OF THE HUGUENOTS. The Huguenots: their Settlements, Churches, and Industries in England and Ireland. By Samuel Smiles, Author of "Self-Help," &c. Crown 8vo, Cloth, Beveled Edges, $1 75.

IX.

DU CHAILLU'S GORILLA COUNTRY. Stories of the Gorilla Country: Narrated for Young People. By Paul B. Du Chaillu, Author of "Discoveries in Equatorial Africa." Profusely Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 75.

X.

BARNES'S EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY. Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity in the Nineteenth Century. By Albert Barnes, Author of "Notes on the New Testament," &c. 12mo, Morocco-Cloth, Beveled Edges, $1 75.

XI.

THE LOVERS' DICTIONARY: A Poetical Treasury of Lovers' Thoughts, Fancies, Addresses, and Dilemmas, Indexed with nearly Ten Thousand References as a Dictionary of Compliments and Guide to the Study of the Tender Science. Post 8vo, Cloth, $3 50; Gilt Edges, $4 25.

THE NEW NOVELS
PUBLISHED BY
HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

CHARLOTTE'S INHERITANCE. A Novel. By Miss M. E. Braddon, Author of "Aurora Floyd," "John Marchmont's Legacy," &c. The Sequel to "Birds of Prey." 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD. By a Barrister. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

SOONER OR LATER. By Shirley Brooks, Author of "The Silver Cord," &c. Illustrated by Du Maurier. 8vo, Paper, $1 50; Cloth, $2 00.

MY HUSBAND'S CRIME. With Illustrations by Gaston Fay. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

ONE OF THE FAMILY. By the Author of "Carlyon's Year." 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

BROWNLOWS. By Mrs. Oliphant, Author of "Agnes," "Madonna Mary," "The Laird of Norlaw," "The Days of my Life," "Carlingford," "Life of Edward Irving," &c. 8vo, Paper, 37 cents.

MARGARET'S ENGAGEMENT. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

PLAYING FOR HIGH STAKES. By Annie Thomas, Author of "On Guard," "Denis Donne," "Theo Leigh," "Walter Goring," "Played Out," "Called to Account," &c. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

Harper & Brothers will send any of the above works by mail, postage free, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.

A. T. STEWART & CO.

are receiving by each and every Steamer
ELEGANT NOVELTIES
IN THE
LATEST PARIS STYLES DRESS SILKS, DRESS SUIT MATERIALS, Paris-Made MANTILLAS, INDIA CAMEL'S HAIR SHAWLS, BRUSSELS POINTE LACES AND LACE GOODS, LADIES' and CHILDREN'S DRESSES, DRESS HATS, AND UNDER-GARMENTS, &c.;
ALEXANDRE'S CELEBRATED KID GLOVES IN NEW SHAPES AND COLORS;
And are constantly making Additions to all their Popular Stocks,
AT EXTREMELY ATTRACTIVE PRICES.
BROADWAY AND TENTH STREET.

IMITATION IVORY GOODS.

MARTINGALE RINGS, $18 and $20 per single gross.
BILLIARD BALLS, $9 and $10 per set.
CHECKS, $8, $9, and $10 per 100.
SLEEVE BUTTONS, assorted colors and patterns, $18 per gross pair.
IVORY SLEEVE BUTTONS, $18 per gross pair.
Fine assortment of PEARL SLEEVE BUTTONS.
WM. M. WELLING, 571 Broadway, New York.

SUFFERERS FROM PILES CAN OBTAIN A SPEEDY AND CERTAIN REMEDY by enclosing One Dollar to E. A. S., Box 21, Brooklyn, N. Y.

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S WORKS.

SOUTH AFRICA. Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa; including a Sketch of Sixteen Years' Residence in the Interior of Africa, and a Journey from the Cape of Good Hope to Loando on the West Coast; thence across the Continent, down the River Zambesi, to the Eastern Ocean. By David Livingstone, LL.D., D.C.L. With Portrait, Maps by Arrowsmith, and numerous Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, $4 50.

EXPEDITION TO THE ZAMBESI. Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi and its Tributaries; and of the Discovery of the Lakes Shirwa and Nyassa. 1858–1864. By David and Charles Livingstone. With Map and Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, $5 00.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ Sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PRINTER.

With one of our presses, and the material accompanying it, every man can do his own printing, thus saving much time and expense. Circulars containing full information about these Presses, prices, recommendations, &c., mailed free on application. Specimen books of types, cuts, borders, &c., &c., 10 cents.
DAVID WATSON, Ag't, Adams Press Co.,
26 Courtlandt Street, New York.

PHOTOGRAPHS—All kinds. Samples, 25c. Address A. Seymour & Co., Box 27, Station A, New York.

A WATCH FOR $1. The Magnetic Time Indicator and Compass, in a neat case, with glass shade, steel and German-silver works, white enamelled dial, ordinary watch size, sound and serviceable. Warranted to denote correct time, and keep in order for two years. Where satisfaction is not given, the money will be returned. Sent, postpaid, for $1; three for $2; or by express, C.O.D., on receipt of $1 as a guarantee. Address, HUNTER & CO., Hinsdale, N. H.

$10 A DAY FOR ALL. Stencil Tool samples free. Address A. J. FULLAM, Springfield, Vt

Short-Hand without a Master, price 25 cts.; Ventriloquism without a Master, price 15 cts. Sent postpaid by O. A. Roorbach, 102 Nassau St., N. Y.

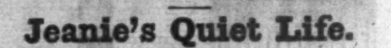
THE LITTLE JOKER—Full of Fun—and an exquisite PHOTOGRAPH, beautifully Colored, will be sent to any address on receipt of 25 cents, by W. HEPBURNE, 102 Nassau St., New York.

"THE MAD SPY." Prestigiation; The Magic Square; Pen and Scissors; A New Convert; "White Fawn;" Wanted—A Character; Leap Year; That Fire; A Wedding Night Shirt; Ladies' Hats; "Swinging in the Lane;" Sunshine; Turning the Tables; The New Mission; The Arctic Regions; Things Worth Knowing; "Our Game Bag;" 32 Columns of Rich, Rare, and Racy Reading in the *Star Spangled Banner for May.* Only 5 cents. Sold every where. A large, 8-page, illustrated paper, at only 50 cents a year. Specimens 6 cents. A Splendid Steel Engraving to every subscriber. Send 50 cents for a whole year. Address STAR SPANGLED BANNER, Hinsdale, N. H.

THE ALLOIDE WATCH.

An Agent is wanted in every town and neighborhood in the United States, to sell our new improved FRENCH ALLOIDE GOLD WATCH. A rare chance to make money. For our splendid inducements and a sample Watch, address BRADFORD, VAN DELF, & CO., 52 Broad Street, New York.

*Children's Carriages, Patent Swings, Baby Jumpers, Propellors, Toys.* Lewis P. Tibbals, 478 Broadway, N.Y.




Burnisher, Pencil Sharpener, Paper Cutter, and Pen Holder combined. Sells at sight. Agents wanted. Can make $10 a day. Samples sent by mail for 30c., or two styles for 50c. Address, MORSE ERASER CO., 404 Library Street, Philadelphia.

EMPLOYMENT. $15 00 to $30 00 a day guaranteed. Male or Female Agents wanted in every town—descriptive circulars *free.* Address JAMES C. RAND & CO., Biddeford, Me.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL
AND LIFE ILLUSTRATED.

Has a very large circulation. Devoted to Ethnology, Physiology, Phrenology, Psychology, Education, Art, Literature, with Measures to Reform, Elevate, and Improve Mankind, Physically, Mentally, and Spiritually. A first-class Monthly Magazine at $3 00 a year; with Harper, only $5. All works on "Short-Hand" supplied by S. R. WELLS, Publisher, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

A THOROUGHLY INTERESTING STORY.

Jeanie's Quiet Life.
A NOVEL.
By the Author of "St. Olave's," &c.
8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

We strongly recommend this novel. It is a charming story, worthy of careful perusal. Every page contains some pure and noble thought.—*Observer.*

A thoroughly interesting story. The book is one to be read, and it is sure to be admired.—*Star.*

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

Sent by mail, postage paid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of Fifty Cents.

# ARCHITECTURAL IRON WORKS,

FOURTEENTH STREET, BETWEEN AVENUES B AND C, NEW YORK.

D. D. BADGER, President.

N. CHENEY, Vice-President.

Fire-proof Buildings of every description, and every kind of Iron Work for Building Purposes, also for Bridges.

THE

# Metropolitan Organs

MANUFACTURED BY

## The Mason & Hamlin Organ Co.

The MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN CO. have commenced the manufacture of a new series of Organs, each of which will bear the Trade Mark, METROPOLITAN ORGAN. They are elegantly and durably made, contain modern improvements, have great power and fine quality and variety of tone, and in general excellence are second only to the celebrated *Mason & Hamlin Cabinet Organs*, manufactured exclusively by the same Company. The METROPOLITAN ORGANS are fully warranted for five years, and will be sold at prices competing with those of inferior instruments. All of them are in solid black walnut cases throughout—backs as well as sides and front—and have paneled fronts and sides, with carved mouldings and antes; Improved Graduated Self-Adjusting Reed Valves, Improved Bellows, Tremulant, and Knee Swell.

*STYLE E.*—FIVE OCTAVES, with MANUAL SUB-BASS and OCTAVE COUPLER throughout. SEVEN STOPS, viz.: *Viola, Diapason, Melodia, Flute, Manual Sub-Bass, Octave Coupler, Tremulant.* Price $225.

*STYLE D.*—FIVE OCTAVES, with MANUAL SUB-BASS. SIX STOPS, viz.: *Viola, Diapason, Melodia, Flute, Manual Sub-Bass, Tremulant.* Price $200.

*STYLE C.*—FIVE OCTAVES, FIVE STOPS, viz.: *Viola, Diapason, Melodia, Flute, Tremulant.* Price $170.

*STYLE A.*—FIVE OCTAVES. ONE STOP, viz.: *Tremulant.* Price $130.

☞ *A liberal discount from above prices to Churches, Clergymen, and Sunday Schools.*

CIRCULARS with Illustrations sent to any address.

Also, an ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE of the MASON & HAMLIN CABINET ORGANS, *free*, to any one desiring it. Address,

THE MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN CO.,

154 TREMONT ST., BOSTON, } and { 596 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

**The Great New England Remedy.**

DR. J. W. POLAND'S

**WHITE PINE COMPOUND**

is now offered to the afflicted throughout the country, after having been proved by the test of thirteen years in the New England States, where its merits have become as well known as the tree from which, in part, it derives its virtues.

The White Pine Compound cures Sore Threat, Colds, Coughs, Diphtheria, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood, and Pulmonary Affections generally. It is a remarkable remedy for Kidney Complaints, Diabetes, Difficulty of Voiding Urine, Bleeding from the Kidneys and Bladder, Gravel, and other complaints.

The White Pine Compound is now sold in every part of the United States and British Provinces. Prepared at the NEW ENGLAND BOTANICAL DEPOT, Boston, Mass. JOHN W. PARK, Cincinnati, Ohio; O. BURNHAM and VAN SCHAACK, Ill.—General Agents for the West.

## Tayler's English Martyrs.

MEMORIALS

OF

# The English Martyrs.

BY

REV. C. B. TAYLER.

**Illustrated.**

12mo, Cloth, $1 00.

Published by

HARPER & BROTHERS,

NEW YORK.

## Startling Invention.

LOCKE'S PATENT

**SELF LIGHTING GAS BURNER**

**No Electricity. No Friction. No Matches.**

TURN THE KEY AND THE GAS IS LIGHTED.

Applied to any Gas-Fixtures without alteration.
Samples sent free on receipt of $1.
Agents wanted everywhere.
Liberal Discount to the Trade.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.

All communications addressed to

RICHARD B. LOCKE, Secretary,
SELF-LIGHTING GAS-BURNER Co., 451 Broome St., N.Y.

A NEW CLASS IN PRACTICAL PHRENOLOGY is forming. For Circular with full particulars, address, with stamp, PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, N.Y.

# Superior Imitation Gold Hunting Watches.

THE OROIDE WATCH FACTORY.

OROIDE CASES, a newly discovered composition, known only to ourselves, precisely like gold in appearance, keeping its color as long as worn, and as well finished as the best gold ones. These watches are in hunting cases made at our own Factory, from the best materials, of the latest and most approved styles, are jeweled and well finished, with a view to the best results in regard to wear and time. For appearance, durability, and time they have never been equaled by watches costing five times as much. Each one warranted by special certificate to keep accurate time. Price $15. Gentlemen's and Ladies' sizes. For this small sum any one can have an excellent watch, equal in appearance, and as good for time, as a gold one costing $150. Also Oroide Chains, as well made as those of gold, from $2 to $6. Goods sent to any part of the United States by express. Money need not be sent with the order, as the bills can be paid when the goods are delivered by the express. Customers must pay ALL the express charges.

**C. E. COLLINS & CO., 37 and 39 Nassau St., N. Y., Opposite P. O. (up stairs).**

☞ TO CLUBS.—Where SIX WATCHES are ordered at one time, we will send one Extra Watch, making SEVEN WATCHES FOR NINETY DOLLARS.

☞ CAUTION. Since our Oroide Watches have attained so high a reputation, and the demand for them has greatly increased, many persons are offering common and worthless watches for sale, representing them to be Oroide Watches, in some instances stating that they are our Agents. We will state most positively that we employ no Agents, and that no one else does or *can* make Oroide; consequently these representations are false. The genuine Oroide Watches can only be obtained by ordering directly from us.

# UNRIVALED.

Nothing that has ever been known or heard of as a tonic adds so much to the resistant power of the human system, under circumstances unfavorable to health, as

## Hostetter's Stomach Bitters.

If you would escape the intermittent fevers, fits of indigestion, bilious attacks, and bowel complaints, of which cold and damp are the frequent causes, use the BITTERS as a PROTECTIVE MEDICINE. This is the wisest course; but, if already an invalid, try the preparation as a RESTORATIVE. In either case full reliance may be placed upon its efficacy.

There is no mystery about the causes of its success. It is the only stomachic and alterative in which are combined the grand requisites of a mild, pure, and unvitiated vegetable stimulant, with the finest selection of tonic, anti-bilious, anti-scorbutic, aperient, and depurative herbs, plants, roots, and barks that have ever been intermixed in a medicinal preparation.

The Bitters have this distinctive quality, which is not shared, it is believed, by any tonic, tincture, or extract in the world: it does not excite the pulse, though it infuses a wonderful degree of vigor into the nervous system, and strengthens and sustains the whole physical organization.

California and Australia have emphatically endorsed it as the MINER'S MEDICINE *par excellence*, and in Spanish America, and all the tropical climate, it is considered the only reliable antidote to epidemic fevers.

The already immense and still increasing consumption of

## Hostetter's Stomach Bitters,

backed by many of the most influential physicians throughout the country, should convince the most skeptical that it is worthy the confidence and approbation of all.

**CORNS.** BRIGGS'S CURATIVE for Corns, Bunions, Ingrowing Nails, Frosted Feet, &c., surpasses all other remedies. No more pain from Corns; no more sleepless nights from Bunions; no more limping from Ingrowing Nails. Briggs's Curative does not eat or burn, but soothes, softens, and heals all pedal ailments.

Sold by Druggists and sent by mail, 50c. and $1 00. DR. J. BRIGGS & CO., 208 Broadway, New York.

## AGENTS WANTED

For the LIFE OF GEN. U. S. GRANT, by Hon. Henry C. Deming. The *only work of the kind issued under the sanction and by the authority of Grant himself.* The author is well known as one of the most brilliant writers and eloquent orators in the country. Agents will find this one of the most intensely interesting Biographies ever published in America, and will meet with a ready sale. For particulars, address S. S. SCRANTON & CO., 126 Asylum St., Hartford, Ct.

## Piano, Organ, and Vocal Music,

BY

MRS. PAIGE'S NEW METHOD.

Ladies and gentlemen are qualified to teach this new method, and positions are secured for teachers who have been fitted at our Studio.

Pupils can fit by correspondence, after remaining with us from one to three weeks. Having obtained the assistance of able and experienced teachers, we are prepared to give our patrons all needed attention. Adult and juvenile classes will be formed at our rooms, for the piano, organ, and vocal music, by the quarter or by the year. Agents wanted in all parts of the country to form classes for this new system. No one is authorized to teach this method except by permission from Mrs. Paige, who is the inventor and sole proprietor. References given on application. Address Mrs. J. B. PAIGE, 246 Washington St., Boston, Rooms 9 and 4. Circulars can be obtained at Music Stores generally.

**L. A. ELLIOT, Boston,**

Has the largest variety of Engravings, Chromos, &c., to be found in the country. Enclose stamp for Catalogue.

# TO THE LADIES.

We are agents for over ONE HUNDRED Foreign and Domestic Manufacturers, and are prepared to furnish the whole country with DRY and FANCY GOODS, SILKS, SHAWLS, JEWELRY, SILVER-WARE, FURNITURE, PIANOS, SEWING MACHINES, &c., &c., at the uniform price of

## One Dollar for Each Article.

Send your clubs of 10 and upward for descriptive checks, showing what article can be obtained for One Dollar, with Ten Cents for each check.

**CIRCULARS SENT FREE.**

Presents worth from $3 to $400 sent free of charge to agents sending clubs.

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY TOWN.

CUSHMAN & CO.,
10 ARCH STREET, BOSTON.

*Watches Superseded.* The Magnetic Pocket Time-Keeper and Compass, in handsome case, with glass shade, steel and metal works, white enameled dial, ordinary watch size, sound and serviceable. Warranted to denote correct time and keep in order for two years Where satisfaction is not given, money returned. Post free for $1 by W. HOLT & CO., Watchmakers, corner of Gold Street and Fulton Avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y.

## "GENERAL GRANT'S THE MAN."

A spirited Campaign Song and Chorus. Music by the popular HENRY TUCKER, Author of "When this Cruel War is Over," &c., &c. Price 35 cents, mailed.

WM. A. POND & CO., 547 Broadway, New York.

# The GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY

HAVE JUST RECEIVED

TWO FULL CARGOES

OF THE

FINEST NEW CROP TEAS

22,000 HALF CHESTS by Ship Golden State,

12,000 HALF CHESTS by Ship George Shotton.

In addition to these large cargoes of Black and Japan Teas the Company are constantly receiving large invoices of the finest quality of Green Teas from the Moyune districts of China, which are unrivaled for fineness and delicacy of flavor, which they are selling at the following prices:

OOLONG (black), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
MIXED (green and black), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ lb.
IMPERIAL (green), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
YOUNG HYSON (green), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
GUNPOWDER, $1 25, best $1 50 ℔ lb.

COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

Ground Coffee, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

Consumers can save from 50c. to $1 00 per pound by purchasing their Teas of

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,

Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey St. (Post-Office Box, No. 5643), New York City.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by post-office money orders, or by express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or, if the amount ordered exceed $30, we will, if desired, send the goods by Express to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

N.B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to "The Great American Tea Company."

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are *bogus* or *imitations*. We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

Post-Office orders and drafts make payable to the order of the Great American Tea Company. Direct letters and orders to the

# Great American Tea Company,

Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, Post-Office Box 5643, New York City.

# Close of Vol. XXXVI.

"Unquestionably the best sustained work of the kind in the world."

# Harper's Magazine.

MAY, 1868.

CONTENTS:

AMONG THE ANDES OF PERU AND BOLIVIA. By E. G. SQUIER.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Indians celebrating the Chuno or Potato Festival, Tiahuanaco.—Plan of Part of Ruins of Tiahuanaco.—The American Stonehenge.—Outer Terrace Walls of "Fortress" and Scattered Blocks of Stone.—Lesser Monolithic Doorway.—Gateway at Cemetery, Front View.—Gateway at Cemetery, Rear View.—Symbolical Slab.—Front View of Great Monolithic Gateway.—Sculptured Figure on Great Monolith.—Back of Great Monolith.—Head of Statue at Tiahuanaco.—Columns and Figures in Stone in Tiahuanaco.—Head-Dress of Indian Female Dancers.—Cattle feeding on Lake Weed, Lake Titicaca.—Totora Bridge over the Outlet of Lake Titicaca.—Grand Entry into the Pueblo of El Desaguadero.—A Dinner Compliment in Yunguyo.
THE RETURN OF THE BIRDS.
CRADLE LANDS.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Philæ.—Reading the Koran.—Mohammedan Grave.—Denderah.—Bethlehem.—Plan of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.—The Holy Sepulchre.—Tomb of Rebecca at Hebron.—Silk Banners leaning against Leah's Tomb at Hebron.—Crusaders' Arms of Jerusalem.—Emmaus.—Nazareth.—Carmel.
VOYAGE ALONE IN THE ROB ROY.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Watch on Deck.—Cooking on the Rob Roy.—Route of the Rob Roy.—Entering the Port.—Cabin of the Rob Roy.—A Literary "Lift."—"Haul Taut!"—The Inscrutable Tooth-Brush.—A Sunday Ride.—The Flying Jib.—Canoe Chase on the Seine.—"It was quite Successful, and I fell into the Water."—Bed of the Sea.—The Nonpareil.—Beachy Head Ghost.—Sports at Cowes.—Paddle and Parasol.—The Empress Bathing at Biarritz.—The Gift to Boys.
UNCLE GEORGE.
NAZARETH PITCHER.
WHITSUNTIDE.
FAITH AND FALLIBILITY.
THE CRABBE FAMILY.
ABOUT TREES.
A VILLAGE LIBRARY.
THE WOMAN'S KINGDOM: A LOVE STORY. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Half Joy, half Sorrow.—Coming.—Brother and Sister.—The Doctor's Visions.
DRAWING BUREAU RATIONS.
AT TWILIGHT.
FROM DERBY TO DISRAELI.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Earl Derby.—Lord Stanley.—Benjamin Disraeli.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
LITERARY NOTICES.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.

In the Number for January was commenced "*The Woman's Kingdom: a Love Story*," by DINAH MULOCK CRAIK, Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," &c.

The most popular Monthly in the world.—*New York Observer.*

It meets precisely the popular taste, furnishing a pleasing and instructing variety of reading for all.—*Zion's Herald, Boston.*

"A complete Pictorial History of the Times."

# Harper's Weekly.

AN ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

In the first Number for 1868 was commenced the issue of "*The Moonstone*," a Novel, by WILKIE COLLINS, Author of "The Woman in White," &c.

The model newspaper of our country.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

The articles upon public questions which appear in HARPER'S WEEKLY form a remarkable series of brief political essays.—*North American Review.*

An Illustrated Weekly Journal of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

# Harper's Bazar.

In it is now being published "*The Cord and Creese*," a Novel, by JAMES DE MILLE.

The BAZAR, as an intelligent critic upon all feminine topics, will doubtless become the *Queen* of American newspapers.—*Albion.*

TERMS FOR HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, One Year......$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY, One Year...... 4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR, One Year...... 4 00

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S BAZAR, to one address, for one year, $10 00; or any two for $7 00.

*An Extra Copy of either the* MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, *or* BAZAR *will be supplied gratis for every Club of* FIVE SUBSCRIBERS *at $4 00 each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for* $20 00.

Bound Volumes of the MAGAZINE, each Volume containing the Numbers for Six Months, will be furnished for $3 00 per Volume, sent by mail, postage paid. Bound Volumes of the WEEKLY, each containing the Numbers for a Year, will be furnished for $7 00, freight paid by the Publishers.

The Postage within the United States is for the MAGAZINE 24 cents a year, for the WEEKLY or BAZAR 20 cents a year, payable yearly, semi-yearly, or quarterly, at the office where received. Subscriptions from the Dominion of Canada must be accompanied with 24 cents additional for the MAGAZINE, or 20 cents for the WEEKLY or BAZAR, to pre-pay the United States postage.

Subscribers to the MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, or BAZAR will find on each wrapper the Number with which their subscription expires. Each periodical is stopped when the term of subscription closes. It is not necessary to give notice of discontinuance.

In ordering the MAGAZINE, the WEEKLY, or the BAZAR, the name and address should be clearly written. When the direction is to be changed, both the old and the new one must be given.

In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Order or Draft payable to the order of HARPER & BROTHERS is preferable to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING IN HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

*Harper's Magazine.*—Whole Page, $250; Half Page, $125; Quarter Page, $70—each insertion; or, for a less space, $1 50 per Line, each insertion.

*Harper's Weekly.*—Inside Pages, $1 50 per Line; Outside Page, $2 00 per Line—each insertion.

*Harper's Bazar.*—$1 00 per Line, each insertion.